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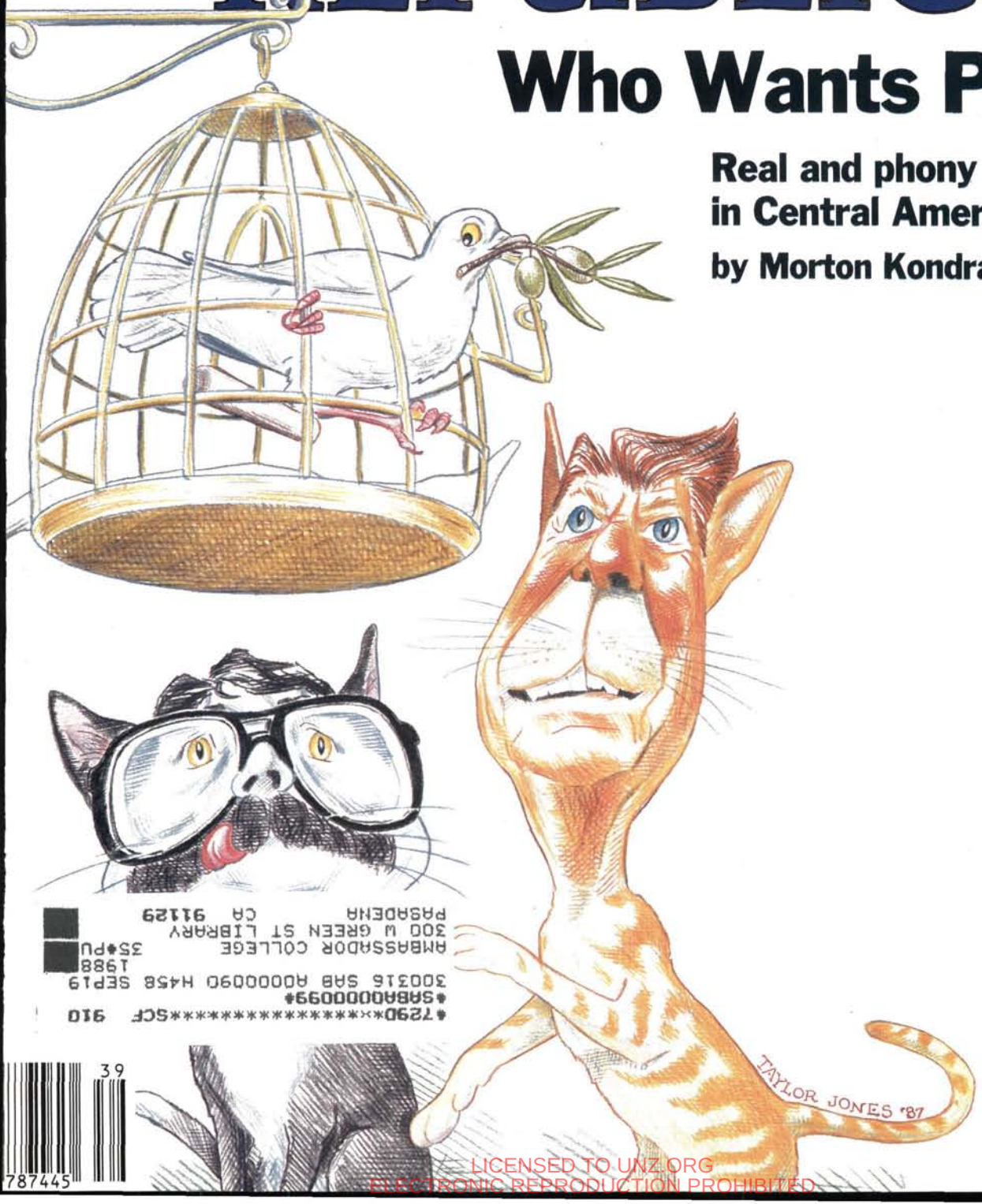
Who Wants Peace?

Real and phony peace plans in Central America

by Morton Kondracke



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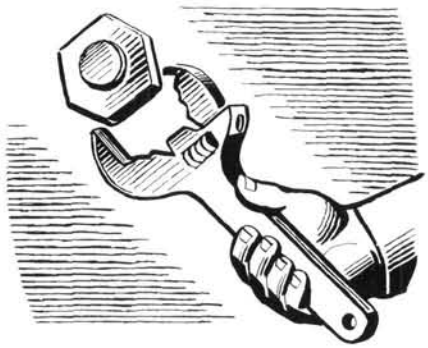

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FROM WASHINGTON

Peace Scare

As Henry Kissinger has noted (and I once thought my fingers would fall off before typing those words), the great missing element in the current Central America commotion is any clear sense of what the United States will settle for in Nicaragua. Genuine democracy would be nice, of course. Not just in Nicaragua, but also in the Soviet Union, South Africa, Chile, and the rest of the globe. But we don't ordinarily insist on it under threat of war.

The official Reagan administration position is that anything less than a squeaky-clean Minnesota-style civil-libertarian democracy by November 7 on the dot (the scheduled cease-fire date under the regional peace plan) is inadequate, and a justification for continuing to fund the *contras*. If so, the "peace process" is hopeless. As Kissinger says (ouch!), "That the dedicated, able, and ruthless Sandinista leaders would . . . turn their government into a genuine pluralistic democracy requires a leap of faith of which I am not capable." Me neither.

A hopeless, Potemkin peace process is exactly what the Reagan people thought they had started in August with House Speaker Jim Wright. It was intended as nothing more than a curtain raiser for this fall's *contra* aid debate. But along came the Central American leaders, and now there is panic that the peace process might actually produce peace.

The other Central Americans have good reason to feel that a democracy of gemlike perfection should not be the only effective antidote to a U.S.-sponsored guerrilla war. Mexico, for example, is an effective one-party state that (as described in the September 5 *Economist*) "invests one office—the presidency—with the temporary trappings of dictatorship," including the choice of a successor. With the help of judicious cheating, the ruling party, the PRI, regularly runs up majorities far higher than the 67 percent the Sandinistas scored in their own widely ridiculed 1984 election. By the "Tirana Index" standard, named after the capital of Albania and invented by my colleague Charles Krauthammer, that makes Nicaragua a more convincing democracy than Mexico.

Mexico's economy is crippled by widespread state ownership. The government spews noxious anti-Yanqui Third World-style rhetoric. On the other hand, Mexico doesn't actually make any mischief outside its own borders. Its press is free within limits, enforced by the occasional shutdown or even murder of a journalist. There's not much torture or arbitrary arrest, as these things go. Only some government officials are involved in the drug trade.

Will something like this do? It may not describe present-day Nicaragua, but it doesn't describe Minnesota either. And the Sandinistas, who are desperate, might be willing to accept something like this, especially if accompanied by the hypocritical praise we lavish on Mexico's leaders and its glorious revolution. If it won't do, by what logic do we impose years of war on Nicaragua to demand something better?

One answer you hear is that the Sandinistas are an incorrigible Marxist-Leninist regime that, by its nature, never will change and never will abandon its external ambitions, so any Mexico-style compromise is hopeless. It's all or nothing at all. This argument, if true, condemns not only the current peace efforts but the *contra* campaign itself. Kissinger again (for the last time): "The *contra* aid so far requested could not achieve the administration's stated objectives by military means. . . ." If toppling the regime is the only tolerable outcome, it will require far greater resources, and probably an American invasion.

The grand political illusion of the Reagan era, induced on both foreign and domestic issues, has been that great things can be achieved at no great cost. I call it the Grenada Illusion, after the exception that proves the rule. The cost of the *contra* war that's been minimized is not just the cost to America of achieving our professed objective, but the cost to the people we're ostensibly trying to help.

The Nicaragua debate has taken place in an antiseptic wonderland where opponents charge that the *contras* are heartless thugs and administration supporters point to millions being spent on "human

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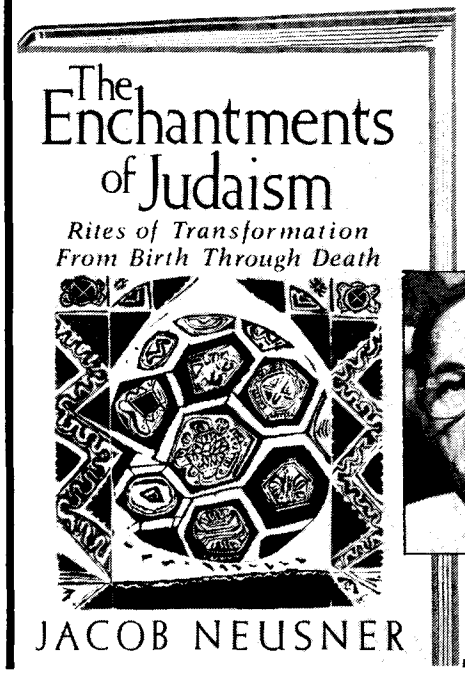
—MARVIN FOX, Brandeis University



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Curiously, this isn't the way the "experts" say a magazine should be run. Increasingly, magazines are conceived of as "products" that cater to pre-existing "markets" — or "life-style enclaves," as Robert Bellah wryly put it. So, just as there are magazines for grooming and glamour, city night life, gun nuts, and wrestling enthusiasts, there are religious magazines targeted at "conservative Protestants" and "liberal Protestants," "right-wing Catholics" and "left-wing Catholics," and various other life-style enclaves.

Whatever the product or service, ad execs devise "strategies" for "tapping a market." Hence Americans are deluged with junk mail imploring them to buy this or donate to that, and one suspects an Omniscient Whiz-bang Computer has minutely broken down the population into "patriotic Baptists," "Catholic pilgrimage-goers," "Pentecostal cassette buyers," "Episcopalian heraldry buffs," "ecological New Age backpackers," and what not.

The problem with conceiving of a *magazine* as a product that is pedaled to a market is that ideas are held captive to marketing, and the marketing eventually becomes an end in itself (which is what we've seen happen — on a glorious scale — to TV religion). When that happens, a particular magazine will only confirm its readers in what they already believe. The Not-So-Golden Rule is: "Whatever you do, *don't* be so foolish as to invite your readers to consider unfamiliar thoughts." But the NEW OXFORD REVIEW would rather shut down than succumb to that seductive prescription for success. For why bother anymore? We might as well be making widgets.

So, why *do* we bother? We do so because we take our intellectual vocation seriously, we refuse to conceive of religion as a consumer item, we believe the tyranny of pre-existing markets and stale ideological formulas needs to be undermined, and we have a collection of diverse, sharp-witted writers you'll find together nowhere else — people like Walker Percy, Christopher Lasch, John Lukacs, Norman Lear, Robert N. Bellah, J.M. Cameron, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Thomas Molnar, Robert Coles, Russell Kirk, and Michael Lerner.

Not surprisingly, *The New York Times Magazine* finds us "curious," *Newsweek* pronounces us "thoughtful and often cheeky," and the *Library Journal* predicts we'll "doubtless command increasing attention." If you're concerned not only about the penultimate, but also the ultimate, questions of life; if you don't subscribe to magazines on the chance you'll win a trip to Las Vegas; if you delight in surprises and can handle being infuriated on occasion; if you don't need any "how to" advice, thank you; if you thrive on the life of the mind and spirit — then the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is for you.

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SINK OR SWIM AT THE U.N.

To the editors:
Presumably nothing would please Charles Krauthammer more than to see the United States not only maintain its superpower status but use that status to advance its national interests ("Let It Sink," August 24). It is difficult to square this desire, however, with his advice that the U.S. attempt to sink the U.N. by "leading the West" out of the world body. The problem is that the West will not follow, nor will anyone else. A serious problem for the next administration is the depth of alienation this country now encounters throughout the world. Krauthammer's proposal would compound this: few actions would do as much to alienate America from the center right over to the far left in virtually every country that matters, including our own. In the U.S. itself, polls have identified entering the U.N. as one of the most popular foreign policy decisions of this century.

This article does not address the problems the world faces in such fields as conventional arms control among the various regional powers, trade, or international communications, where solutions increasingly involve most nation-states. Solutions are often made more difficult to achieve by the actions of irresponsible nation-states, but understanding that does not end the need to find answers in a multilateral framework.

Nor is it possible, as Krauthammer suggests, for the U.S. to pick and choose programs whenever it leaves a U.N. body. After the Carter administration left the International Labor Organization, representatives of the Business Roundtable visited the State Department to ask if the West Germans could express U.S. views. (The West German government responded that it had to concentrate on German interests.) The Krauthammer view would hold only if the U.S. could destroy any organization simply by leaving it, which is unlikely.

The great task of U.S. diplomacy in the last 20 years has been to deal with the rising power of others, which has meant a relative decline in our own power. Krauthammer's course would amount to a public confession that we lacked the imagination to cope.

CHARLES WILLIAM MAYNES
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Charles Krauthammer's philippic against the U.N. reminds me of a story about King Edward VII. Driving through the streets of Paris at the start of a state visit, the British monarch was jeered by the crowds. A member of his suite remarked, "The French don't like us, sir." Edward replied, "Why should they?"

JOHN T. LASAINE JR.
Providence, Rhode Island

To the editors:
Charles Krauthammer's polemic is both disingenuous and a Fulbrightian display of the far reaches of the arrogance of American power. While indicting the U.N. for "the debasement of the language of Western liberalism"—namely democracy—he in fact would like an end to "the current [democratic] one-nation, one-vote system" that relegates the U.S. to "one vote out of 159 in the General Assembly, or a power equal to that of Benin." Since the U.S. pays 25 percent of the U.N.'s $4.5 billion annual budget, he would be more comfortable if we were accorded a "weighted vote" reflecting our contribution. This seems, however, a preposterous contortion of democracy. It is clear that Krauthammer is not as concerned about protecting the ideological purity of Western liberalism as he is frustrated by the U.N.'s refusal to bend to our will or countenance our swagger.

ALAN C. CHANDLER
Salt Lake City, Utah

To the editors:
In a world in which myopic nationalism is so dangerously on the rise, the U.N. remains the one global symbol of vision. The universal membership of this world organization is one of the great milestones in human history, and the first step toward building the world community on which the future of humankind depends. To suggest the destruction of this organization is a crime against the hopes and dreams of future generations.

DOUGLAS MATTERN
San Francisco, California

To the editors:
Let's face it. The reason we have the U.N. is the same reason high schools have student councils: to give the loudmouths something to do so they won't smoke in the toilets. Who cares if they pilfer office supplies now and again?

GREGG SINGER
Boston, Massachusetts

STATIC AT RADIO MARTI

To the editors:
"The Phantom Interview" by Annette Lopez-Muñoz (June 29) was flim-flam. To have hoped that the president, as he sat before the Radio Marti microphone, "would disregard his prepared text and answer spontaneously" is a wish of fevered asininity.

Regarding the presidential news conference: by her account, Lopez-Muñoz's question of President Reagan was so tough it probably "made some people at the NSC nervous." Coming at a time when the NSC was riddled with bullet holes, her conceit borders on the moronic. Although she uttered *two* questions at the news conference, in her article Lopez-Muñoz palmed them off as *one*, dressing it up a bit. She then had the president saying no, he would not change his policy toward Nicaragua, but intentionally omitted the most interesting part of his response. What Mr. Reagan actually said, according to the transcript in the *Washington Post* the following day, was, "No, and I believe that I have answered that question, I think, more than once here. . . ." The section that was left out would have pointed to the forgettable nature of the query of which Lopez-Muñoz is so proud.

RICHARD W. CARLSON
Director, Voice of America
Washington, D.C.

PROJECTING WESTWARD

To the editors:
Dirk Olin is too unworried about network projections of the winner in presidential elections before the polls close on the West Coast ("The Right Not to Know," August 10 & 17). As he indicates, we really don't know what effect early projection may have. If California voters have been hearing all day that one candidate is the winner, they may not realize it when their own participation becomes crucial. And an election could very well come down to what happens in California. In the election of 1916, Charles Evans Hughes carried all the

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 28, 1987

THE PAKISTAN SYNDROME

Remember the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty of 1968? Signed by a faltering Johnson administration, it halted the transfer of nuclear weapons technology to countries on the verge of making the bomb. What it didn't do, unfortunately, was stop transfers of technology to third countries without any nuclear potential, who could then pass it on to the others. It didn't provide sanctions against violators, and its "safeguards" weren't really safeguards either. They were advanced inventory accounting systems that could tell when a country was going to build a bomb but could do nothing to stop it.

Twenty years later the results are clear. India, Israel, and South Africa can build bombs. Pakistan, Brazil, Argentina, Iraq, and Iran are close, with several others itching to follow. All are players in intense regional conflicts or subject to internal instability. Add to this the wave of international terrorism, the bellicosity of resurgent Islam, ethnic conflicts in Asia, and the turbulence of southern Africa, and the potential for a nuclear flash point has never been greater. These days the most pressing danger of nuclear war is not from the superpowers, but from minor powers, in volatile conflicts, whose opponents may not have the bomb and whose leaders (or would-be leaders) may have the same temperament as Qaddafi or Khomeini. Yet the United States has prevaricated or balked on almost every occasion it has had since 1968 to restrict nuclear proliferation.

Take Pakistan. Aid was canceled over the nuclear issue in 1979 but renewed again in 1981, after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Even now that President Zia is close to building a bomb, arguments about cutting off aid concentrate on internal Pakistani politics, the Afghan war, and relations with India rather than on the proliferation issue alone. The signal has been given to Zia, and to leaders of all other pre-nuclear countries, that U.S. bluster about proliferation is just that. In Islamabad last month Zia felt confident enough to announce to Undersecretary of State Michael Armacost that he would forgo $4 billion of U.S. aid rather than lose the bomb.

We think it's time to call his bluff. The truth is that Zia has already reined in Pakistan's nuclear program for fear of a cutoff. Support for the Afghan rebels, begun by Pakistan 18 months before the United States intervened, is a strategic necessity. Pakistan has a great deal to lose from Soviet control of Afghanistan. Without continued aid, it can't hope to meet the costs of the Afghan war. Pakistanis have watched the Soviets force thousands of displaced refugees into their country, raise the weapons and drug trade to new levels, and launch several extended bombing raids on Karachi. They are terrified by the prospect of being surrounded by a Soviet-pacified Afghanistan as well as a Soviet-friendly India.

It's wrong, however, simply to single out Pakistan for nuclear policing. Restrictions on nuclear proliferation will only work if applied universally. A comprehensive new start should be made when Gorbachev visits Washington this fall. Revision of the Non-Proliferation Treaty should be a central subject for discussion. It was once hailed as a harbinger of future superpower cooperation, and could be so again. If the Soviet Union and the United States jointly updated the treaty's weak guidelines for monitoring systems, they might actually prevent further proliferation. The Soviets were burned once by China—which built a bomb with their technology and without their permis-

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sion—and are well aware of how easily friendly allies can become hostile nuclear powers.

The teeth of the treaty should be economic sanctions against those countries that violate it. Sanctions are only effective if they are systematically and jointly endorsed. In 1979, when Carter cut off aid to Pakistan, the contributions of Britain, France, and Germany more than made up the difference. In Pakistan's case, the issue should be tackled through the Pakistan Aid Consortium, which includes the World Bank, Asian Bank, and the British, French, and Germans. These three countries no longer sell sensitive equipment to non-nuclear nations, but they also do not insist on applying further sanctions on those countries that sell the equipment illegally. As signatories of the Non-Proliferation Treaty, they should be prepared to invoke sanctions on the third-party violators.

A good place to start would be with Pakistan's rival. Although the United States doesn't have much financial leverage over India, the India Aid Consortium (similar to the Pakistani one) does. If all the treaty signatories withdrew their financial support from this group, India would feel it. This might persuade the Gandhi government to participate in joint Indian-Pakistani nuclear plant inspections, joint signing of the Nuclear Proliferation Treaty, or even joint renunciation of nuclear weapons—three options proposed by Pakistan.

Similarly, the United States has allowed Israel to obtain a vast array of nuclear material against our explicit wishes. Israeli nuclear technician Mordechai Vanunu's controversial leak to the London *Sunday Times* last winter suggested that Israel has a highly sophisticated plutonium processing plant and a collection of nuclear weapons much larger than previously suspected. The United States should insist on linking at least a part of its economic

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	RULES OF ENGAGEMENT	2	11
2.	REVENGE OF THE NERDS	*	2
3.	EX CATHEDRA, EX PARTE	—	1
4.	COUP DE LANGUE	*	2
5.	A PATRIOT FOR ME	*	17
6.	THE CRUCIBLE	*	25
7.	ARM IN ARM	*	3
8.	GETTING PELTED	—	1
9.	BOOK BROWSERS	—	1
10.	SUNSHINE SUPERMEN	—	1

1. RULES OF ENGAGEMENT 2 11

Gulf. The recent enfilade in the tanker war struck no U.S. ships. Does that mean we're winning? Some say yes, but that's the wonderful thing about this policy: you can make up your own rules of judgment and Reagan won't say anything to spoil the fun. As for whether Gulf shipping is safer under U.S. stewardship, shut up.

2. REVENGE OF THE NERDS * 2

Know-Nothings. School start-up is the peg for a frenzy of self-flagellation: Johnny doesn't know *anything*. Schools are taking their lumps via the Bloom-Hirsch axis; shunted aside is the context of traditional U.S. anti-intellectualism. Now comes Russell Jacoby with a new book arguing that there is no new generation of U.S. intellectuals.

3. EX CATHEDRA, EX PARTE — 1

Papal visit. John Paul II's visit has been played as if he and U.S. Catholics were meeting in some kind of grudge match. But U.S. Catholics are far from being a homogeneous group. Although the hierarchy here is singularly conservative (as are Hispanics and other Catholic immigrants), assimilated Catholics appear to be so many WASPs. The story's less ecclesiastical than social: there's a melting pot after all.

4. COUP DE LANGUE * 2

Aquino. The fifth anti-Cory coup has had at least one significant effect: it is now possible to criticize her government without the Marcoses getting into the argument. Nobody can survive the Heidi-like image that Aquino has borne so far. Now that her anti-insurgency policy is under question, it's only a matter of time until other failings, real and apparent, become exploitable angles too.

5. A PATRIOT FOR ME * 17

1988. What made a resurgent Hart even imaginable is the formlessness of the Democratic race; he's still ahead in some polls. Hart might have pulled it off with a statesmanship stunt. "Nightline" was too much Sunday school. He's better off raining on the press's parade.

6. THE CRUCIBLE * 25

AIDS. The culture's thought leaders have been treading on AIDS with caution recently, but the residue from AIDS hysteria is considerable. Coverage of the Ray family burnout played like the guilty aftermath of the Ox Bow Incident, and inspired quite a bit of self-questioning.

7. ARM IN ARM * 3

Arms control. Given how much Reagan needs an arms deal, it is fascinating that he's upped the anti-Soviet rhetoric. What balcony is he playing to? Radio Moscow, by the way, is responding in kind, even as the U.S.S.R. offers to let the U.S. explode a device there. The difference is that it's no skin off their propaganda nose; they co-opted the peace theme long ago by playing it separately from international relations.

8. GETTING PELTED — 1

Animal rights. The most recent theft of lab animals by animal rights activists is testimony to the social power of extremism. Consciousness has surely been "raised" in this area, but the lesson to be drawn from the coverage is that confrontation results in both ink and money. Greenpeace's current mailing is built entirely around its record of confrontation.

9. BOOK BROWSERS — 1

Catalogs. Catalog consumerism is climbing toward a height not seen since Sears' heyday, though the current mail-ordering is largely for upscale specialties. Not only are there pages full of odd catalogs in mainstream magazines, but catalogs are themselves on newsstands. Credit not only bored, non-saving DINKs, but the stultifying, standardized commercial environment created by franchising.

10. SUNSHINE SUPERMEN — 1

The summer of love. A wave of nostalgia for the summer of '67, "the summer of love," has swept the media. While most such commentary consists of mind-numbing commonplaces, a current Jordache jeans ad is an eyepopper. It features the usual gaggle of Jordache teen vegetables, again arguing about their stodgy folks. But it evokes their folks, too, using Summer of Love footage. You say you want a revolution?

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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You can tell high blood pressure by these symptoms:

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(Very often, there are none!)

It's hard to believe that over 35 million Americans have a dangerous disease...very often without a symptom. But that's what high blood pressure (hypertension) is like. A hidden illness, yet one of the easiest to detect—and to treat. Untreated, it can affect your brain (stroke), your vision, heart (infarction), blood vessels and kidneys. Anyone can be affected, although factors such as age, sex, race or family background play a role.

Fortunately, there's plenty that can be done to treat this condition. Only your doctor can diagnose hypertension, but you can help head it off through healthier living—reducing weight, cholesterol, salt intake, stress, anxiety and stopping smoking. An improved lifestyle, and blood pressure-controlling medicines can substantially lower your risk for heart attacks and stroke. But the first step is to see your doctor.

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assistance to an Israeli halt in further nuclear production, verified by inspections.

Rigorous economic sanctions have never been used to get our way in the world. It's tough to think of a better test case than to use them in the prevention of nuclear holocaust, or a more classically liberal way to link trade with peace. With the impending INF deal, arms control has gone qualitative. It's a good start. Next should come a clear commitment to the single measure that most reduces the likelihood of accidental nuclear war: a halt to nuclear proliferation. Without that, arms control is a misnomer. The long-term interests of nuclear peace must at some point take precedence over the short-term gains of geopolitical maneuvering. Why not now?

THE FORGOTTEN JOURNALIST

One of the most grotesque features of the intra-Arab and intra-Muslim wars has been the killing, maiming, hostage-taking, or driving into exile of more or less independent journalists by the various Palestinian, Lebanese, Syrian, or Iraqi factions. One murdered editor was left with his fingers burned with acid, just in case the symbolism of his death might otherwise be missed by those it was meant to instruct. With all the attention given to the story of Charles Glass's captivity and ambiguous escape, it's strange that almost no one here has mentioned the death in a London hospital, only days after Glass's return to Britain, of Ali Naji al-Adhami.

In 1985 Al-Adhami, a Palestinian cartoonist for *Al Qabas*, had been terrorized out of living and working in Kuwait. Apparently his departure from the Middle East did not satisfy his tormentors: they gunned him down in a London street. What had been his offense? It was not that he didn't hate Israel. He was, after all, an authentic refugee from eastern Galilee, and was brought up in a refugee camp in Lebanon. But he argued in his cartoons, with a certain pointed relentlessness, that Yasir Arafat's wars and his chic allies had not brought the Palestinians any relief from their agonies. He was murdered, according to Scotland Yard, by terrorists from Arafat's own Fatah wing of the Palestine Liberation Organization, one of whom is now in custody. Reportedly, the police had captured the largest cache of weapons sequestered in London in recent memory by any terrorist group other than the IRA. Since Arafat's moderates were probably not planning an assault on the palace, we may assume that they had planned deadly vengeance on other civilians.

BAYARD RUSTIN

The civil rights revolution is still so recent and its agenda so unfinished that its accomplishments are hard to see in perspective. But unquestionably it was one of history's great episodes of social reform. Within a decade an end was written to centuries of legally enforced racism, and America was moving toward genuine civic equality.

Martin Luther King Jr. was the movement's pre-eminent leader, but there are others to whom America owes thanks and honor. Among them is Bayard Rustin, who died last month. King was the movement's outstanding spokesman and inspiration, Rustin its premier tactician. He helped to organize the Montgomery bus boycott and numerous other demonstrations, including the great 1963 March on Washington, which brought a climax to the civil rights protests and led to the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. (Although Rustin conceived, planned, and ran the march, his title was "deputy director," which was chosen because of worries that his former Communist affiliation and his homosexuality might embarrass the movement.)

Rustin was instrumental in establishing the movement's ethos of nonviolence. A dedicated pacifist, he realized too that such tactics could be devastatingly effective in awakening the conscience of the nation.

After the legislative victories of 1964 and 1965, Rustin recognized that the civil rights demonstrations had run their course. Legal equality was won; social and economic equality could not be secured by more demonstrations. He urged the movement to turn "from protest to politics," and he sketched out a strategy for building an electoral coalition of minorities, labor, and white liberals.

This approach was insufficiently millenarian to satisfy many of the younger militants. As the slogan "Black Power" supplanted "Freedom Now," Rustin's steadfast advocacy of coalition politics put him at variance with the temper of his community. Although his Manhattan apartment was a mini-museum of African sculpture long before dashikis became fashionable, Rustin regarded black nationalism as psychically cathartic but politically sterile.

Rustin is memorable as a man of courage. In 1947 he participated in the first "freedom rides," challenging segregation in interstate transport, which earned him a month's sentence on a North Carolina chain gang. At odds with black militants in the late 1960s, he never flinched in the face of threats or abuse or taunts of "Uncle Tomism."

He is memorable as a man of principle. As a conscientious objector, he spent 28 months in a federal penitentiary. In innumerable subsequent arrests, he always willingly served his term, viewing civil disobedience not as a means to subvert the law but as a catalyst to change it.

He is memorable as a man of conviction. He devoted himself to the black struggle not because he was black but because he believed it was right. He spoke out as well for many other causes: Indian independence, Israel, labor, Solidarnosc, and Indochinese boat people, to name but a few.

He is memorable as a man of ideas. Drawn to the Communist Party in the 1930s, he later became one of the black community's staunchest anti-Communists, serving for the last 15 years as the chairman of the Social Democrats. He

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leaves behind a collection of writings more substantial than that of any contemporary civil rights leader.

Above all, Rustin is memorable as a key architect of one of the most glorious moments in American history, when black America arose in dignified passion and struck down Jim Crow. We are all in his debt for that and always shall be.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE CANDIDATES AND THE ISHOOS:

Dole Sees AIDS Issue As Key One in '88 Race

"Senator Robert Dole said today that the AIDS issue would be a major one in the 1988 presidential race and that the government should consider spending several billion dollars to deal with preventing the spread of the disease."—*New York Times*, March 21

Dole Urges AIDS Not Become an Issue in Presidential Race

"Senator Robert Dole . . . urged that the issue of AIDS be kept out of the 1988 presidential race. . . . 'I just happen to believe it's not that kind of issue.' "—*New York Times*, August 8

(thanks to Mr. Jack Kemp, Washington, D.C.)

□ ANOTHER SHORT-LIVED VICTORY:

U.S. MILITARY HELPS CAUSE SHARP FALL IN OIL PRICE

—*New York Post*, August 27, top of page 37

Oil prices jump as OPEC faces production cheats

—same paper, same day, bottom of page 37

(thanks to Steve Geller, Curaçao, Netherlands Antilles)

□ TWENTY-TWENTY HINDSIGHT:

Boy held in killing seen as troublemaker

—*Boston Globe*, August 22

(thanks to Sandra Doherty, Revere, Massachusetts)

□ PROMOTION? DEMOTION? With this issue, Louis Menand joins our list of contributing editors. For the past year, Luke has been associate editor of TNR, sharing editorial chores while senior editor Ann Hulbert has been on leave to write a book. He has returned to academia (as a professor at Queens College in New York), but readers who have come to enjoy his characteristically lucid essays will be getting regular doses of them in the future.

The debt to Japanese-Americans.

INTERNED INJUSTICE

TEN WEEKS after Pearl Harbor was bombed, Franklin D. Roosevelt signed an executive order that paved the way for the removal and detention of 110,000 Japanese people living on the West Coast, citizen and alien alike. Forty-five years later internment is back on the political agenda. As Congress returns this fall, it will vote on legislation addressing the issue. The proposal to compensate each interned person with $20,000 has grabbed the headlines, but what have been ignored are broader—and more appropriate—measures within the same bills aimed at grappling with the injustice of internment as a whole.

As far as compensation is concerned, there's no doubt that the internees deserve something. They were allowed to take to the camps only what they could carry, and homes and businesses often had to be left in unscrupulous hands. They were interned in the camps for almost three years, and many lost much more than $20,000. Implied in the compensation plan, however, is the idea that ethical redress can be bought. On one level—righting individual wrongs—that makes some sense. But it is far more important to address the greater injustice: the sweeping abridgement of the civil rights of one racial group.

The 1942 internment was the illegitimate brainchild of Col. Karl Bendetsen and Lt. Gen. John DeWitt. DeWitt headed the Army's Western Defense Command, and his infamous statement "A Jap is a Jap" captured his views on race relations and America's melting pot. Bendetsen, a lawyer, and DeWitt convinced the War Department that all people of Japanese ancestry were a threat, and should be kept away from sensitive military areas. This was not only racist, but absurd. As many have pointed out, if Japan were to use spies, it wouldn't favor Orientals; using a highly visible minority does not make for good espionage. But Bendetsen's plan was quickly transformed into a broad policy. All Japanese from the coastal areas of the West were moved from their homes to desolate inland areas as far away as Arkansas. They were housed in camps that they often built themselves, on fairgrounds, in deserts, and in horse stables.

The actions of DeWitt and Bendetsen met with acquiescence both in Washington and nationwide. None of this could have come about without the approval of Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy, currently touted as one of the Wise Men; Attorney General Francis Biddle, a noted promoter of civil rights who at first did oppose the internment; Secretary of War Henry Stimson; and FDR himself. The nation fell in line with its leaders. *Life* ran a feature diagraming the facial differences that "distinguish friendly Chinese from enemy alien Japs." *Time* added helpful pointers such as "Japanese—except for wrestlers—are seldom fat" and "Most Chinese avoid horn-rimmed spectacles." Even THE NEW REPUBLIC, which generally considered the internment a "shameless persecution of loyal Americans,"

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wrote in 1943: "Certainly there can be no doubt that our treatment of persons of the Japanese race has been infinitely better than has been the case with Americans who have been captured or interned by the Japanese."

Parts of the current legislation go beyond individual compensation and deal with these issues of racism and wartime xenophobia. The bills propose the formation of a board to study the internment, so that "the causes and circumstances of this and similar events may be illuminated and understood." It would also establish studies "of similar civil liberties abuses" and "the effect upon particular groups of racial prejudice embodied by government action in times of warfare." This board would form a much more lasting tribute to those who were interned. By examining how fragile civil rights were in the face of war hysteria, it might preclude the same from happening to others in the future.

The board could also negate clumsy attempts at revising history. McCloy and Bendetsen continue to maintain that the internment was right. McCloy wrote in 1986: "Our government should defend itself against this grotesque charge that it was race prejudice and not realistic security precautions which induced President Roosevelt's order. . . . He was impelled by no considerations other than the safety and security of the country." Bendetsen claims that "the Commission [on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, established by Congress in 1980] slanders and libels the character of President Roosevelt by stating his decision . . . was based on racial prejudice." The commission's report actually comes down harder on McCloy and Bendetsen than on the president. And the facts have shown that their decision was wrong. None of the 110,000 interned was ever convicted of espionage. Moreover, thousands of Japanese-Americans volunteered to fight in the war, many coming from the internment camps to form the much decorated 442nd Battalion. History sides with the late Francis Biddle, who wrote in his autobiography, "The program was ill-advised, unnecessary, and unnecessarily cruel."

The board has the potential to keep the lessons of the internment alive. Its program should encourage high school and college students to investigate the circumstances surrounding the internment, and it should provide grants and sponsor essays on the professional level. The Senate bill unwisely adds that of the nine people constituting the board, five must be Japanese. This political gesture helps to defeat the bill's purpose, implying a difference between races where there is none.

The Smithsonian has scheduled an exhibit to re-create a room from one of the camps, a plan that has been attacked by some veterans and others who call it anti-American. And when I called the office of one of the senators cosponsoring the bill for information, I was told the person handling "foreign relations" was out. These reactions reveal the extent to which people still misconstrue or remain ignorant of the events of 1942. The board would counter this national amnesia. Only by recognizing an injustice can one begin to address it.

LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

The case for unifying Germany.

DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLIES

AFTER THE three-year postponement imposed by Soviet pressure, this month Erich Honecker became the first East German leader to make a state visit to West Germany. Honecker's mission comes at a delicate moment. The Western alliance's continuing disintegration and growing unrest in Eastern Europe have cast doubt on the durability of the post-1945 (Yalta) settlement. Both superpowers are strained by their European commitments. And in both halves of the artificially divided continent, Europeans chafe under the domination of their superpower patrons (though the chafing is more painful in the East).

Skillfully targeting the alliance's weak points, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev has launched a barrage of superficially attractive arms control proposals, appeals to Western Europe to assert its interests independently of Washington, and even hints that both superpowers should "weigh anchor" and leave Europe. Unbelievably, despite its deep stake in perpetuating the postwar status quo, the Soviet Union has successfully presented itself as the leading force for "peace" and constructive change in Europe. Throughout Western Europe, and particularly in West Germany, the United States—which has no interest in preserving the Yalta system—is on the defensive.

Committed to the long-term goal of reunification, West Germany cannot be indifferent to the fate of the 17 million Germans in the East. Bonn is determined that its own relations with Moscow and East Germany remain separate from the global superpower competition. This attitude grates on an America that remains disproportionately responsible for defending Western interests worldwide. Yet the diminishing credibility of the U.S. nuclear commitment to West Germany is further incentive for Bonn to seek a separate political accommodation with Moscow.

Shifting public attitudes reinforce West Germany's drift toward a national neutralist foreign policy. Younger German politicians increasingly favor dissolution of the superpower blocs in Europe and want Bonn to chart an independent course equidistant from Washington and Moscow. The Social Democrats are gravitating toward a "security partnership" with the Warsaw Pact that would include withdrawal from NATO's military command and removal of U.S. troops from Germany. NATO's deployment of intermediate-range nuclear forces (INFs) revived the German Question—eventual reunification of East and West Germany—on the West German left. Then the pending "double zero" INF treaty, which would take the missiles out again, caused the national issue to resurface on the right. Correctly concluding that this treaty foreshadows America's eventual pullout from Europe, the Christian Democrats' Bundestag floor leader, Alfred Dregger, charged that Washington's embrace of the "double zero" principle was tantamount to the "be-

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trayal" and "abandonment" of West Germany. Another Christian Democrat in the Bundestag, Bernhard Friedman, caused a storm in May by calling for negotiations with the Soviets to create a neutral, reunified Germany.

Under Konrad Adenauer West Germany made a historic decision to choose freedom within the Western alliance over unity under Soviet auspices. This was in return for U.S. and Western European pledges to help Bonn achieve its long-term national goals. Bonn kept its end of the bargain, but, shortsightedly, its partners have not. If Bonn grows impatient with the lack of support from its allies, it may act on the geopolitical logic of the situation and seek reunification on Soviet terms. While not imminent, such a move will become ever more probable if no progress on resolving the German Question is made in coming years. In joining NATO, West Germans did not renounce their national aspirations, and today—as throughout the postwar period—an overwhelming majority of them want to see the two Germanies united in a single, neutral German state.

The tension between Bonn's allegiance to the West and its interest in reunification gives Moscow the opportunity to link progress in intra-German relations to West German concessions on political, security, and economic matters. Only the absence of a realistic Soviet reunification offer keeps German national sentiment from hardening into concrete policy. The Soviets may not make such an offer. But if they wished to, they are well placed to exploit the nascent left/right coalition favoring West German national neutralism.

The mere possibility of such a development pulls Bonn eastward, causing it to slide gradually into a de facto neutralism that sharpens strains with the United States. And if the Soviets decide in the future that the time is ripe for the reunification gambit, they could bring about NATO's sudden collapse. The virtually unchallenged official Washington conventional wisdom holds that the Soviets will *never* allow German reunification on any terms. But it's never wise to base one's strategy on the assumption that the adversary isn't smart enough to make an obvious move. An article in *Die Welt* recently noted the obvious danger in leaving Moscow with the political and psychological initiative on the German question.

In Germany and Europe generally the United States is being beaten at a game it should win and cannot afford to lose. Its predicament is due less to the Soviets' deftness than to America's reflexive attachment to the ossified structures of the postwar system. Instead of waiting to see what Gorbachev will do next, the United States should pre-empt Moscow with a proposal to link military disengagement with a political solution to Europe's division. The proposal should be as follows: (1) reunification and neutralization of Germany; (2) dissolution of NATO and the Warsaw Pact; and (3) the complete disengagement of the superpowers' troops from all European countries (obviously excepting the Soviet Union itself) combined with a pledge that neither Washington nor Moscow will be the first to reintroduce its forces into Europe.

By championing a new European settlement based on German reunification and superpower disengagement, the United States will turn the tables on the Soviets. Western Europe is far better placed than Eastern Europe to adjust to the post-alliance world that will follow disengagement. When the United States departs Europe, it will leave behind a group of democratic, socially cohesive, economically dynamic countries. Disengagement is, in fact, the logical culmination of America's postwar policy. As George F. Kennan observed in 1957, the purpose of cultivating the Western alliance's strength was to put the West in a position to negotiate an end to Europe's partition. Having helped to rebuild Europe with the Marshall Plan, the United States must now seek to reunify the continent.

A post-Yalta package will enable the United States to take advantage of the East bloc's fault lines. When the Soviets retire from Eastern Europe, they will leave behind economically stagnant, socially fragmented states with governments of dubious legitimacy. Because of the potential spillover effects of the simmering discontent inside the East bloc, both superpowers have a stake in finding a way to reconcile Soviet security concerns with Eastern Europe's desire for internal reforms and political autonomy. The goal of disengagement, therefore, would not be to induce states to leave Moscow's security orbit but rather to achieve Eastern Europe's "Finlandization."

BARRING REUNIFICATION, when America leaves Europe (as it inevitably must), the Atlantic alliance will be replaced by a European defense community based on Franco-German collaboration. Since the beginning of the 1980s Bonn and Paris have drawn perceptibly closer as both have recognized the ultimate certainty of U.S. withdrawal. The French have also been motivated by a desire to stem Bonn's eastward drift in search of reunification. However, a viable Franco-German military axis would require some type of nuclear role for West Germany. This is an unsettling prospect—especially for the Soviets. Moscow's fear of a nuclear Germany should be a strong incentive for it to agree to a post-Yalta arrangement. The fewer troops the Soviets have and the farther away from Germany they are, the less need there will be for the Germans to have nuclear weapons.

And unless it agrees to disengage, Moscow will face another problem as well. With the United States out of Europe, a more cohesive Western Europe would exert a strong pull on the East bloc countries and make it more difficult for the Kremlin to maintain the Warsaw Pact's solidarity.

By advocating disengagement, the United States would deny the Kremlin the political leverage it gains from U.S.-Western European differences on arms control and nuclear strategy. In contrast to arms control—which deals with the symptoms, not the causes, of the superpower rivalry—disengagement offers the real prospect of reducing the political tensions that could lead to war. Far more than any foreseeably attainable nuclear arms accord, disengagement would radically reduce the chances of nuclear or conventional war in Europe. Moreover, disengagement would be easier to

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verify than an arms control pact and politically more costly to violate. By advocating a post-Yalta package, Washington would stop cold Gorbachev's diplomatic momentum and regain the confidence of European public opinion. Such an American initiative would have widespread popular appeal, unlike current U.S. policies, which have resonance only among a narrow (and shrinking) spectrum of politically conservative Western Europeans. If the Soviets stubbornly cling to their Eastern European position while America is advocating German reunification and declaring its willingness to withdraw from Western Europe, reasonable people will have no doubt as to which superpower has embraced Europe's aspirations and which is blocking them.

There are risks in raising the post-Yalta issues of German reunification and superpower disengagement—but there is an even greater risk in pretending that history ended in 1945 and in attempting to preserve the postwar order that now is visibly unraveling. As long as Soviet and American troops confront each other along the Elbe, divided Germany remains the most dangerous theater of the superpower rivalry. And the United States must bear the nuclear risks and economic costs of its NATO commitment. As long as Germany remains divided, Europe remains partitioned, thereby foreclosing the hopes of the increasingly restive Eastern Europeans for political and economic freedom and restoration of Europe's cultural unity. "Someday," Kennan wrote in 1948, "our forces must leave central Europe. Someday Soviet forces must leave. Someday Germany must again become a sovereign and independent entity. The question is when?" The answer is now.

CHRISTOPHER LAYNE

Christopher Layne is a Los Angeles lawyer and adjunct scholar of the Cato Institute.

Italy's popular front.

THE BODY POLITIC

Rome

Nuda!! Nuda!! Nuda!! The chant grew louder as I wandered over to Piazza Navona from the Pantheon. Clearly something was up, since the east entrance to the piazza was blocked off by blue *carabinieri* vans. I walked up corso Rinascimento to the smaller northside entrance, which was unpoliced, and entered just as the excitement reached its peak. The crowd, mostly young men, was piled on and around one of Bernini's fountains, shouting in unison: *Nuda!!* A political rally? Possibly, but the elections had been held three days earlier.

Then the crowd surged and a woman popped upward from the center, propelled out as if from a rugby scrum. I could see she was blond, had brightly painted lips and eyebrows, and was wearing some sort of '60s-style headband. She wasn't wearing much else—a tight, elastic tube dress that extended from just above her nipples to well above her knees. Once again, *Nuda!*, and finally she complied, pulling down the top of her dress, releasing her small breasts into the hot Roman sun.

Then all hell broke loose. Photographers elbowed in, teenagers climbed over one another trying to cop their first feel, bodyguards started swinging. Eventually the police moved in, armed with scowls. As usual, Italian bravura collapsed when confronted with a uniform, and the young men pulled back, allowing the officers to escort the smiling young lady to safety. She is, after all, a public official.

This was not just any blonde, and obviously not a natural blonde, but certainly *the* blonde of 1987. Yes, it was Cicciolina, née Ilona Staller, the 35-year-old porn star who was elected in June to the Italian Parliament as a member of the Radical Party. By now the whole world knows her rags-to-G-string story: her birth in Hungary, where her father was a minor party official and her mother was a gynecologist; her marriage to a young Italian and their flight to the West; her quickie divorce that left him brokenhearted. The Years of Shame. We know how a young porn mogul discovered her, renamed her Cicciolina (rough translation: Cuddles), and gave her a new career in movies, magazines, and public exhibitions. The Years of Struggle. And now her discovery by the Radical Party, her topless campaign for office, her unexpected victory. The Redemption. From *pornodiva*, to *pornocandidata*, to *pornodeputata* in a few months.

How could this have happened? The story begins, as ever, with the major Italian political parties, and particularly their two most important leaders, Socialist Bettino Craxi and Christian Democrat Ciriaco De Mita. Under Craxi's five-party coalition (*pentapartito*), which has governed Italy since 1983, the country has experienced unprecedented political stability and economic growth. Italians were tired of the interparty *trasformismo* that has given them 40-odd governments since the war. The coalition was admired, if only for its tenacity. Never before had the political system given Madame Tussaud enough time to install an Italian prime minister in her museum. Italians also credited the *pentapartito* with spurring the economy to "surpass" those of the British and (it is alleged) the French, a development of which they are extraordinarily proud.

But the Christian Democrats had grown restless in the coalition, whose success was mainly credited to the popular, photogenic Craxi, and not to their own, much larger, party. So when Craxi boldly announced this spring that he would not hand over the prime ministry to the Christian Democrats, as originally promised, De Mita correctly took it as a provocation. Seizing the opportunity to rein in the little Duce, he brought down the government.

There was a collective groan across the country. No one, but no one, wanted elections. There were no new foreign or domestic issues dividing the parties, no economic or political crisis, just this long-running game of chicken. Consequently, the campaign was a spiritless affair of halfhearted slogans, amateurish TV spots, and "big name" candidates

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put forward (under Italy's party-slate system) to entice a bored and cynical electorate. On the ballot one found soccer players (one was elected), a boxer, a stock-car driver, a mountain climber, musicians, even a few comedians. Cicciolina was just part of the cast.

THE VOTERS were right to assume that nothing would change: the same *pentapartito* rules today as in 1983. The Communists did suffer a small but portentous erosion among young, urban voters, and the new Green Party captured its first seats. But the only important change was the one De Mita wanted: ambitious Signor Craxi is out and a seemingly unambitious Christian Democrat, Giovanni Goria, is in as prime minister.

Enter the Radicals, Cicciolina's party. I find the Radicals—a grab-bag party founded as a left-wing alternative to the Communists—a rather frightening group, if only because they are the perfect, distilled expression of Italian political fatalism. The Radicals understand that there are no political acts in Italy, only gestures. And gesture they do, mainly with the middle finger. Occasionally they will pretend to respectability, putting forward highly sensible parliamentary reforms and referenda. (Italians owe legalized abortion and divorce to the Radicals.) But their fame really rests on their extraordinary sense of political theater and their gift for striking dramatic poses—nominating and electing criminals (including terrorists), for instance, in order to free them with parliamentary immunity. So what better symbol of Italian political corruption, what better way to display contempt for these senseless elections, than to nominate Cicciolina? There were some rumblings from feminists in the party. But no one could offer a reason not to nominate her. As one leader, Adele Faccio, put it, "If we defend homosexuals and transsexuals, why not porno stars?" Why not indeed?

The expectation was that everyone would get the joke and Cicciolina would lose. But the party underestimated the energy and shrewdness of Cicciolina's young manager, Riccardo Schicchi, founder and president of the Diva Futura porn agency. Schicchi knew that the campaign was an ad man's dream. I think he also sensed that the public mood, a mix of economic affluence and political indifference, might actually sweep her into office. So he ran a private campaign apart from the Radical Party structure. He even wrote a separate Cicciolina platform, which she would read out in rote fashion at her rallies. If elected she would fight to abolish the Modesty Act, the article of the criminal code under which she repeatedly has been arrested. She would work to conquer AIDS, to bring sex education to the schools, and to deliver unspecified sexual assistance to incarcerated criminals. And, oh yes, she likes solar energy. Her short speech finished, she would hoist a flower over her head, flash a heavily lipsticked smile, and pull down her top to the roar of the crowd. She won.

The drama climaxed in the week following the vote, when Schicchi announced that Cicciolina would continue her public exhibitions now that she has parliamentary immunity, and would begin with a victory performance in the town of Viareggio. This was daring. Although the general public knew that she "performed" an act called "Perversion," the nature of the performance was unclear. This one, though, would be covered by the whole Italian press corps. Officials of the Christian Democrat and Communist parties seemed to know what was coming (had they seen the show before?), and tried to stop it. But the show went on, even in the face of strong protest from Friends of the Earth, who heard that Cicciolina had taken to enticing her pet python into her most intimate parts. "Stand ready to prevent the maltreatment of animals by Ilona Staller!" they demanded. But the town official who allowed the performance dismissed them, saying, "Maybe the snake likes it." Who's to say?

Cicciolina arrived at the tiny Viareggio theater to find it two-thirds full of reporters, who paid nearly $40 each. She began on a pacifist note, singing "Americans and Russians want atomic war / anatomic war / but I hope there will be / love for all humanity." Obeisance paid to her new career, she got down to what she does best, singing her theme song, "I want balls / as hard as walls." Then, according to news reports, the real show began. With ear-busting music cascading from loudspeakers, she sat in a chair and masturbated; she simulated coitus with a rag dog; she pulled out her glass and leather phalluses and meticulously explored each of her orifices (Hi, Mom!). She then descended into the audience and, apparently in standard fashion, nuzzled men's faces with her breasts, stroked the crotches of others, and allowed herself to be passed from hand to mouth to hand. "Am I perhaps offending your sense of modesty?" she purred into the microphone, referring to the penal code. "Nooo!" they moaned. Satisfied with the answer, she remounted the stage, leaned over its edge, and gave the first row an unexpected, but much deserved, golden shower (ruining one photographer's Nikon). Applause, lights up.

Even in this most politically cynical of countries it was a bit much. Only the yuppie paper, *La repubblica*, printed a blow-by-blow account of the show. The others didn't know what to do, either publishing nothing or running short, opaque notices that left out all the juicy details. Outrage finally found its voice in Arrigo Petacco, editor of the Florentine *La nazione*, who published a large white space on the front page where the Cicciolina story should have appeared. The story was pulled, he explained, because he refused to acquiesce in such a naked display of contempt for Italian political institutions. Cicciolina is a fascist, he later said, and her election to Parliament was like the arrival of D'Annunzio, heralding the decline of the republic.

Another pose, another gesture, perhaps, but a timely one. Since then an unofficial news blackout seems to have descended on Cicciolina's nocturnal activities, and, by Italian standards, a half-serious debate has begun over the function of the press in a democracy. It was reported that she showed up for the start of the legislative session in July, modestly dressed, though accompanied by her topless co-workers from Diva Futura. For the past month attention has focused instead on the drama of forming and maintaining the coalition—a *commedia dell'arte* show that

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always stars the same characters, and always ends the same way. Of Cicciolina, we only learn that she has been studying the Italian Constitution.

Those who concern themselves with Italy's image are relieved that the episode is fading from public memory at home and abroad. Italophiles the world over have been struggling to convince us that this is a modern, aerodynamically sound European country, as economically and culturally advanced as its northern neighbors. They wish to retire the traditional image of Italy as the home of mafiosi, madonnas, and pasta, and to replace it with a new, futuristic one starring Benetton, sleek Italian design, and pasta. Italy: it's not just a Fellini movie anymore. And, within bounds, they have a point—as long as they don't mention the political situation. So they don't.

American Italophiles I've met are particularly vigilant in sniffing out heretical views of the new Italy. And in the by now familiar spirit of inverted openness they have taken to *defending* Cicciolina's election as a sign of national psychological health, to be contrasted with the deeply problematic state of American politics. "Sure, Cicciolina is a stripper. Yes, she pisses on people in public. But at least she's *honest* about what she does, at least she's not a *hypocrite*. Italians are so much healthier about these things. Look at the States this year, look at the sober piety gushing out over Ollie and Gary and Jim and Tammy. Don't you find it laughable?"

Yes. But what do you do when the system laughs back?

MARK LILLA

Mark Lilla was a fellow of the American Academy in Rome this past year.

And the price to be paid.

WHO WANTS PEACE?

BY MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Managua

There is a small chance that the causes of peace, democracy, and hemispheric security could be advanced by the Arias plan signed by five Central American presidents in Guatemala on August 7. This could occur if democrats outside Nicaragua (especially Democrats in the U.S. Congress) are uncharacteristically shrewd and stalwart in forcing the Sandinistas to live up to the accord they signed. Timetables need to be drawn up for Sandinistas to meet, leading to full, representative democracy. The world's democrats should resolve to monitor closely Nicaragua's progress, and be ready with stiff sanctions if they renege. And the United States needs to keep the Nicaraguan *contras* alive until it's clear that the progress toward democracy is irreversible. Major responsibility lies with House Speaker Jim Wright.

The more likely prospect arising from the Arias plan is a debacle—the dismantling of the *contras* in exchange for some token steps toward democracy, followed by consolidation of the Sandinista regime as a permanent dictatorship and partner in Cuban and Soviet efforts to undermine U.S. interests in the hemisphere. If this occurs, the United States will be seen as abandoning yet another force of indigenous fighters who depended upon us, following the Bay of Pigs Cubans, the Kurds in Iran, and the Hmong in Southeast Asia—and this just at a time when the *contras* are scoring military successes, hardening the Sandinistas' economic crisis, and, apparently, beginning to develop a popular following inside Nicaragua. The United States will be the laughingstock of Latin America, having been utterly outfoxed by the puny Sandinistas, and the next president—Democrat or Republican—will have an incredibly weaker hand to play in conducting foreign policy against Mikhail Gorbachev.

There is a third possible outcome, which in Washington and all over Central America is held the likeliest: that the Guatemala plan could fall apart, either because the Sandinistas are unable and unwilling to allow "complete political pluralism" by November 7 or because one of the other signatories fails to comply—particularly Honduras, which is required to stop allowing its territory to be used to supply the *contras*.

The original author of the peace plan, Costa Rican president Oscar Arias, made it clear in an interview that he does not think the Sandinistas will comply. "I know the nature of the Sandinista government," he said, "so I am skeptical." You mean, I asked him, because the Sandinistas are Marxist-Leninists? "Yes," he said.

"The purpose of my initiative is to give the Sandinistas a chance, to get rid of the excuse that they won't advance toward democracy because of the *contras*," he said. "We will know by November 7 if they are complying or not." He said the first signs were not good—meaning the arrests of the Nicaraguan human rights commission chairman Lino Hernandez and bar association president Alberto Saborio, and the appointment of a four-man National Reconciliation Commission in Nicaragua that contains only one proven independent, Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo.

Arias said that on November 7 he will "pass judgment" on whether the Sandinistas are complying. "We are not

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going to accept excuses or tricks," he said, though he acknowledged that the Guatemala pact contains no penalties if the Sandinistas balk. Would he then favor aid to the *contras*? "I would never be in favor of it," he said, "but it's a decision to be taken by the United States Congress." Does he favor putting military aid for the *contras* in escrow? "I would prefer waiting until after November 7," he said.

Various U.S. officials insist that when Arias met with President Reagan on June 17, he said that if the Sandinistas failed to democratize, "you will be free to do your thing." Arias denied this to me, but all over Latin America there is evidence that leaders and populations expect the United States to act like a great power and deal with the Sandinista threat.

And they do consider it a long-term threat. Arias said, "The Sandinistas are Marxists. They are expansionist." In another interview, Costa Rican foreign minister Rodrigo Madrigal Nieto said that "today, they don't represent a threat. I don't think we'll be invaded, even with their powerful army. But, they could destabilize our government." One Nicaraguan democrat in exile in Costa Rica said he heard Venezuelan president Jaime Lusinchi tell a group of visitors in 1983 that "we all know that the only solution for Central America is a U.S. invasion. Of course, when they do it, we'll all raise our hands and shout, 'imperialist.' " Among Costa Rican conservatives and some democratic opponents of the Sandinista regime inside Nicaragua, a quick U.S. invasion is even favored as more moral and less bloody than a drawn-out *contra* war.

In the meantime, though, the *contra* policy has public support in Central America, and the Sandinistas do not, as evidenced by a poll conducted by the Costa Rican firm CID, an affiliate of Gallup International, whose results were published in Guatemala on August 7.

Asked whether they think the Sandinistas represent a majority or a minority in Nicaragua, the answer was "a minority"—from 79 percent of those polled in Costa Rica, 75 percent in Honduras, 64 percent in El Salvador, and 64 percent in Guatemala. Asked whether they think a majority of Nicaraguans support the *contras* or the Sandinistas, the Costa Ricans split 72 percent to 12 percent for the *contras*; the Hondurans, 75 to 15; the Salvadorans, 46 to 20; and the Guatemalans, 60 to 23.

Asked who treats civilians better in the war zone, Costa Ricans sided 72 percent to 6 percent with the *contras* over the Sandinistas; Hondurans, 74 to 6; Salvadorans, 45 to 10; and Guatemalans, 60 to 18. Asked if they approve or disapprove of U.S. military aid to the *contras*, Costa Ricans favored aid 70 to 21; Hondurans, 81 to 9; Salvadorans, 69 to 23; and Guatemalans, 68 to 28. No polling was done inside Nicaragua because it's illegal.

The Sandinistas' strategy for dealing with the Arias plan seems directed, as always, straight at the U.S. Congress. They want the *contras* off their backs at the cheapest possible price in terms of democratization—perhaps at no cost at all, if collapse of the Arias plan can be blamed on the Reagan administration and if Democrats in Congress then cut off *contra* aid in revenge. For example, any Honduran recalcitrance will be instantly pinned on the United States. A story circulating in Central America has it that when Honduran president José Simon Azcona returned home from signing the Guatemala pact, U.S. Ambassador Everett Briggs threatened him by saying, "So now I suppose you won't want those F-5s," the jets Hondurans expect from the United States. The U.S. version is that Briggs was making a joke about the possibility of peace breaking out in the region, and that Azcona laughed, but the story is being told to make Honduras seem a U.S. puppet.

The Guatemala agreement contains numerous ambiguities that the Sandinistas are free to exploit in order to torpedo the pact, avoid compliance with its democratization provisions, and focus blame elsewhere. The key ones are the provisions for a cease-fire and amnesty for the *contras*. The United States naturally wants any cease-fire to be in situ, so that the *contras* are able to resume fighting if the pact fails. The Sandinistas well may insist that by November 7 the *contras* must disarm themselves and surrender. They are likely to object if the United States tries to fly in food and medicine, and if Honduras provides facilities for transport and hospitals.

Nicaraguan president Daniel Ortega has repeatedly claimed that Nicaragua already has an amnesty program for individual *contras* who turn themselves in, and doesn't need a new one. The civic opposition inside Nicaragua wants a full release of nearly 10,000 political prisoners, which the United States should support. The U.S. and *contra* leaders also want the Sandinistas to enter direct negotiations with the *contras*. The Sandinistas claim the *contras* are strictly "mercenaries" and want to negotiate only with Washington.

Meanwhile, the Sandinistas are spreading the word that they are entirely ready to comply with the Guatemala pact's democratization requirements, and that they are beginning to take steps showing good faith in advance of November 7. Hernandez and Saborio were released, and the Sandinistas may permit the reopening of Radio Católica and perhaps even the newspaper *La Prensa*. They tell U.S. congressmen and journalists that it's simply an American slander that they are deep-dyed Marxist-Leninists, and that but for the *contra* war there would be no restrictions on free expression, the press, and political activity. They say they have no problem whatever with free and fair elections. To the contrary, they say, they won a 67 percent victory in 1984 and will win again because the Nicaraguan population supports the revolution and the land reform, literacy program, and health services it has brought with it.

With respect to the *contras*, the Sandinistas want it both ways: they say the force is less than a third as big as the United States claims (6,000 vs. 20,000), that it's demoralized and having no success on the battlefield, yet also that it's the cause of Nicaragua's economic misery and suspension of the constitution under the state of emergency. The bottom line, as it's been put out since even before the Sandinistas came to power in 1979 and as it's being put out today, is that Sandinismo stands for political pluralism, a mixed economy, and a non-aligned foreign policy, and that

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only the enmity of the United States prevents its pacific success. The logical conclusion is that the United States should cut off the *contras* and give peace a chance.

But by the evidence of history and the testimony of honest people who try to live under the Sandinistas—including many who helped bring them to power and now regret it—all of this is a colossal deception. The truth is that the Sandinistas *are* Marxist-Leninists, allies of the Soviet Union, and believers in world revolution. The *contras* have exacerbated the economic crisis in the country, but it is primarily the result of the Marxist system the Sandinistas imposed—which even the Soviet Union has criticized for inefficiency. Far from making life better for the Nicaraguan people, the Sandinistas have made it worse for everybody—except Sandinista Front insiders, who shop at special dollar stores and inhabit the residences of the Somocistas they replaced.

The best evidence of what the Sandinistas really are is contained in their own words and record of behavior. Their basic 1977 strategy document declared that they would join non-Marxist groups to overthrow Somoza, but "we will prevent the dissenting bourgeoisie from assuming political leadership" and "maintain political hegemony among our forces during this tactical and temporary alliance." The document refers to capitalism as an "archaic, dependent system" and declares that "once the People's Sandinista Revolution has achieved its purpose of ousting the dictatorship . . . we will be able to develop along progressive Marxist-Leninist lines. We will be a party of iron, forged and tempered in the same process to enable us to fully organize and mobilize the masses."

Such pre-1979 documents are dismissed now as exuberant ideological rhetoric, but there are other examples, including the May 1984 closed-door speech of Sandinista Directorate member Bayardo Arce, in which he said that the principles of non-alignment, mixed economy, and pluralism were merely devices by which "we kept the international community from going along with American policy." He said, "The important thing is that the entrepreneurial class no longer controls all the means to reproduce itself. . . . The bourgeoisie no longer invests—it subsists."

Arce said that "[American] imperialism asks three things of us: to abandon interventionism, to abandon our strategic ties with the Soviet Union . . . and to be democratic. We cannot cease being internationalists unless we cease being revolutionaries. We cannot discontinue strategic relationships unless we cease being revolutionaries." By holding elections, he said, "we are using an instrument claimed by the bourgeoisie, which disarms the bourgeoisie."

Hiding behind a "democratic mask" (the term was coined by Douglas W. Payne of Freedom House, whose 1985 book by that name remains the best short history yet produced on Nicaraguan deception), the Sandinistas have acted like ruthless Communists—and began doing so long before Ronald Reagan launched the *contra* policy. They killed one president of COSEP, the private-sector coordinating group, jailed other leaders, and confiscated the property of the current president. They killed some 800 persons after taking power, and when the chairman of the independent Permanent Commission on Human Rights reported on that fact and on the holding of between 6,000 and 8,000 political prisoners, he was arrested. The current chairman, Lino Hernandez, was grabbed while standing outside the headquarters of the Coordinadora, the opposition umbrella group, watching a demonstration take shape to test the Arias plan.

Usually notables like Hernandez are not ill-treated by the security police. Peasants in the countryside suspected of collaborating with the *contras* are often jailed for years, tortured, and sometimes killed. During the 1984 elections, rallies and speeches of opposition candidates were broken up by Sandinista toughs referred to by Interior Minister Tomas Borge as "*turbas divinas*" ("divine mobs"). Borge's ministry bears a sign in front declaring it "the Sentinel of the People's Happiness." Sister Mary Hartman, the American nun who is in charge of the government's human rights commission, excuses *turba* violence against dissenters as directed "only at people who support the United States." Censorship began in Nicaragua long before the *contras* took the field, and it was President Carter who cut off aid to Nicaragua because his administration developed conclusive evidence that the Sandinistas were supplying arms to Communist rebels in El Salvador.

It's being argued on American op-ed pages that the United States should cut off aid to the *contras* if they subscribe to the "Mexican model" of government—a one-party system that permits "political space" to its opposition. It's claimed that the Arias plan would set up such a system, but that's far from automatically true. In Mexico, for example, the army exists to serve the nation; in Nicaragua the army and the security police officially serve the party. Nicaragua, in fact, is a military dictatorship in which members of the ruling Directorate are all called *comandante*. Mexico has the politics of a huge big-city machine, but one in which there is participation from constituent groups such as labor, peasants, and business. Nicaragua is a top-down dictatorial system. In Mexico the top leadership changes each six years; in Nicaragua, as in Cuba, the leadership could stay for decades. Mexico has a love-hate relationship with the United States. In Nicaragua the Sandinistas have a party-to-party relationship with the Soviet Union, and schoolchildren memorize the anthem, "Let us struggle against the Yanqui, Enemy of all Mankind."

AMID ALL THIS, a visitor finds no joy in Managua, a city of dirt, broken pavement, uncertain water supplies and electric power, and wooden shacks. Honduras used to be poorer than Nicaragua, and El Salvador also was hit with a ruinous earthquake. Yet there is music and life in those countries. Managua is desperate and sad. Even on Sandinista television, farmers shown receiving inspirational lectures by government officials look glum and passive, as if being ordered to do things that are profoundly distasteful.

The Sandinistas blame their woes on the *contras* and America, but they have caused most of their economic problems themselves by confiscating land and turning most of it over to collectives, not individual farmers. The

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economy is ostensibly 50 percent in private hands, but the government tells businesses what to produce, what prices to charge, what to pay workers, and furnishes materials—which are almost always in shortage—on the basis of political loyalty. The annual inflation rate is more than 1,000 percent, and government officials admit they are using inflation as a tax (which hits the poorest hardest) to pay for the war. The lowest-paid worker's monthly salary is not enough to buy a shirt. There is not enough food to go around. Milk rations are restricted to children under age 2, which the government advertises as a special program for the very young.

One gets the strong feeling—it's impossible to prove in this secret society—that the Sandinistas signed on to the Arias plan out of desperation. Nicaragua's external debt has risen from $1.6 billion in 1979 to $10 billion, and its export earnings have dropped from $650 million a year to $218 million. Its trade deficit is $500 million and its budget deficit is $260 million. The Soviet Union is supplying $300 million in economic aid and $600 million in military aid, but it is not increasing its dole as the Nicaraguan crisis deepens. The Soviets have pledged to increase oil supplies to Nicaragua to help it fight the war, and the Sandinistas announced that Ortega plans to be in Moscow on November 7, when his country is supposed to be a democracy.

There is no evidence whatever, as some optimists have claimed to see, that the Soviets are abandoning the Sandinistas as part of a new détente with the United States. They have just renewed party-to-party ties for the next five years. The Soviets are still building a long-runway airfield at Punta Huete and have the Bulgarians at work on a deep-water port at El Bluff. It's true that the Soviets do not consider Nicaragua a socialist ally as they do Cuba. They also have publicly criticized the Nicaraguans for wasting money. Arce, in his 1984 speech, said, "Our strategic allies tell us not to declare ourselves Marxist-Leninists, not to declare socialism. . . . We've talked about this being the first experience of building socialism with the dollars of capitalism."

What the Sandinistas apparently mean to do is get a respite from the *contra* struggle, which by their own accounts is costing the lives of 100 soldiers a month in more than 400 firefights, up from 300 a month in May, and driving the economy to the brink of ruin. The Sandinistas insist that the *contras* are detested on account of their brutality, but they cannot account for the fact that the *contras* survive without food drops. Non-violent opposition groups in Nicaragua claim that their informal polls indicate that peasants and the bourgeoisie in war regions do support the *contras* and that the Resistance's Radio Liberación, with increasingly appealing propaganda messages promising democracy, is widely listened to where it's not jammed. All these claims are impossible to prove, of course, but as one opposition leader said, "If the Sandinistas want to prove how much people support them, why don't they let pollsters in? If Gallup consistently showed the people approve of what they're doing, they could say, 'Reagan, you old cowboy, the people are against you.' "

The *contras* create leverage for the United States and other democracies—almost certainly there would be no Arias pact without them—and they provide the only hope there is of making the Sandinistas live up to the terms of the Guatemala agreement, which declares that "political groupings shall have broad access to communications media, full exercise of the right of association, and the right to manifest publicly the exercise of their right to free speech . . . as well as freedom of movement by members of political parties in order to proselytize." The agreement also calls for the holding of "free, pluralist, and honest elections," which could occur next year for municipal offices and for a Central American parliament.

TO MAKE THESE goals a reality requires determined action on the part of the world's democrats. COSEP wants to open a private television station, and other oppositionists talk about a second independent newspaper besides *La Prensa*. These efforts need private financial and moral support. The fractured internal opposition needs to unify and it needs training that could come from the political parties in the United States—or, better yet, the democracies of Europe and Latin America.

Above all, the internal opposition, the *contras*, the Reagan administration, and the Latin American democracies need to develop lists and timetables spelling out standards of conduct that they expect the Sandinistas to meet. The most influential of these schedules is that of the Arias government, which Costa Rican foreign minister Madrigal Nieto promises to unveil on September 17. Watchdog groups, American and international, need to be formed to monitor Sandinista compliance, and groups such as the Organization of American States need to be ready to inflict strong sanctions against Nicaragua if they show signs of cheating.

For the world's democrats to demand that Nicaragua live up to its pledge of 1987—as it did not to its pledge to the OAS in 1979—would be a far more humane and moral way to deal with Sandinismo than the military means employed by the Reagan administration. But until such a concerted effort is under way, the United States needs to maintain the military option. And this is where Democrats in Congress come in—House Speaker Wright in the forefront. Is Wright interested in leading the way toward democracy in Central America or merely following liberals in his House caucus?

Their attitude was displayed down here on August 31 by Representative Peter Kostmayer of Pennsylvania, who broke into a "debate" between Senate Republican leader Bob Dole and President Ortega (actually, it was a rout by Ortega over the ill-prepared Dole) to tell Ortega, "You have to do much less than you imagine to stop *contra* aid," only "the relatively small steps" of opening Radio Católica and *La Prensa* and freeing Lino Hernandez. Those steps could be easily reversed once the *contras* were disbanded. If Wright and the other Democrats are going to abandon Nicaragua, they had best get a plan ready to house the *contras*, their relatives, and hundreds of thousands of other refugees in the United States. The better plan is for Congress to re-fund the *contras*, put the military aid in escrow, and give peace a real chance. □

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The white guru of the ANC.

UNCLE JOE

BY STEVEN MUFSON

Lusaka, Zambia

In official South African demonology, Joe Slovo is the Great Satan. The South African government views him as a colonel in the Soviet KGB, as a white Communist manipulating earnest black nationalists as part of a "vicious and callous onslaught" to bring Communist dictatorships to southern Africa. Many opponents of apartheid share that view.

It is a reputation Slovo earns by dint of his dual role as general secretary of the unswervingly pro-Moscow South African Communist Party and as one of the chief architects of the military wing of the outlawed African National Congress. The former position, according to South African president P. W. Botha, makes Slovo and the ANC "pawns of the Soviets." The latter position, in the eyes of white South Africans, places Slovo at the seat of the ANC's campaign of terrorism.

To the angry youths in South Africa's black townships, however, the government's vilification of Slovo has made the 60-year-old Jewish lawyer a sort of violent messiah. Even though Slovo can't be quoted in the South African press or on the radio, and has been in exile for 24 years, young blacks beckon to him for deliverance in songs and chants. As the tenth anniversary of the Soweto student uprising approached last year, pupils in Soweto rechristened their government-run school "Joe Slovo High School." In the black township of Alexandra, residents renamed one of the streets after Slovo. In 1985 the ANC made him the first-ever white member of its national executive committee. "Slovo is truly colorless," says one black student activist. "He's just Slovo."

In person, Slovo appears an unlikely candidate for the role of satan or savior. He is a soft-spoken raconteur with a hearty handshake and wavy white hair where his horns or halo should be. His glasses sit cockeyed on the bridge of his nose and he tilts his head back to look at you.

But Slovo has indeed played a pivotal role for the liberation movement over the past 35 years. He has been the leading proponent of violence, pushing to transform the ANC from a genteel group of intellectuals—romantically hoping that a sense of decency would prompt whites to hand over the government to the black majority—into a militant resistance movement. Nelson Mandela has given the ANC its most potent symbol by languishing in jail for 25 years, but Slovo has given the ANC an organization and the guns to fight with.

In the early 1960s, at the outset of the campaign, Slovo and a handful of colleagues sat in a Johannesburg apartment with mortar and pestle grinding up potash permanganate and mixing it with aluminum powder to make crude incendiary devices that could be ignited with dabs of acid. By the time Slovo stepped down as chief of staff in April this year, the Soviet-backed ANC military wing had graduated to AK-47s, hand grenades, and car bombs. His connections help ensure that the ANC receives a limitless supply of Soviet weapons to wage its battle against the South African government and equip several thousand black youths in military training camps in Angola. Although cash contributions from Western countries equal or exceed the value of Soviet military hardware donated to the ANC, the Soviet Union remains the ANC's single largest source of assistance. Its guns are worth between $8 million and $25 million a year. Every year the ANC uses those weapons to greater effect. Between July 1985 and June 1986, 54 people were killed in ANC attacks, and 349 injured.

Slovo exchanged a successful career as a Johannesburg barrister for a shadowy life of exile. He shuttles between London, Lusaka, and the ANC camps, and rarely sleeps more than two nights in one place. In August 1982 a parcel bomb sent by the South African police killed his wife, Ruth First, at the university in the Mozambican capital Maputo, making her a victim of the war he had helped start.

Slovo's role in the ANC worries the U.S. Congress, which stuck a clause in the sanctions bill requiring the State Department to report regularly on Communist influence in South Africa. The first such report says the popular African National Congress is "deeply beholden" to the Party. The report estimates that half of the 30 members of the ANC executive are "known or suspected SACP [South African Communist Party] members." Slovo has been the key link between the ANC and the South African Communist Party, an alliance that raises questions about how the two intend to govern South Africa one day.

Slovo straddles several worlds: a white Communist in the company of black nationalists, a son of a working-class family who has lived out the revolutionary fantasies of leftist intellectuals, and a Jewish refugee and grandfather who has touched a responsive chord with alienated black South African youths.

Ridden with lice, Slovo arrived in South Africa with his mother in 1936 from a small town in Lithuania. They joined Slovo's father, who was a struggling fruit vendor. The younger Slovo spoke only Yiddish and had studied only in a synagogue. Soon he was packed off to an English-speaking school where other students prophetically called

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Steven Mufson recently spent two years reporting from South Africa.

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the newcomer from Eastern Europe "Bolshie."

Like many Jews in this tight-knit corner of the Diaspora, Slovo saw the Soviet Union as delivering Russian Jews from the twin scourges of Nazism and the czar's pogroms. He joined the Communist Party—then legal—at age 16. "This was the time of the Red Army advance. To be a leftist and a Communist at that time was relatively popular," he says.

With his father periodically confined to debtors' prison, Slovo dropped out of school after eighth grade and worked for a pharmaceutical wholesaler. "It was the big wholesale drug house, called Syd Brothers and Kinovsky," Slovo recalls. "You don't know Yiddish, do you? We used to call them Syphilis Brothers and Gonovim. Gonovim are thieves." He became a union shop steward and led his first strike at age 17. The company settled after four days, and his salary went from four pounds sterling to 14. One thing about the strike disturbed him, though. Black workers weren't allowed to join unions, so they lost four days' pay and didn't receive any increase at all.

Slovo lied about his age and joined the army at 18. (Enlistment age was 21.) He served in Egypt and Italy, but saw little action. On his return to South Africa, he was admitted to university, although he had never attended high school. He graduated in law with top honors and became a leading advocate in Johannesburg, handling mostly political causes.

THE PARTY SLOVO joined had struggled with its attitudes toward race and nationalism since its formation in 1921. Initially the South African Communist Party appealed to white workers. In 1922 it led striking white mineworkers under the banner "Workers of the World, Fight and Unite for a White South Africa." Soon, however, the Party started conducting night schools and organizing trade unions for blacks. By 1928 only 150 of the Party's 1,750 members were white. But the Communist Party still had trouble forging links with black groups. In 1926 the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union, then the biggest black organization, expelled Party members. In 1930 conservative elements took over the ANC and rejected an alliance with the Communists. Other black groups attacked the Communist Party from the left, criticizing its willingness to participate in the all-white Parliament instead of boycotting it.

In 1950 the Party was declared illegal. At the time it had about 2,000 dues-paying members (150 whites and 250 Indians). The Party dissolved and reorganized itself underground in 1953.

Slovo became a staunch defender of Stalin when he came back from the war. "I was a blind defender. I'm deeply ashamed of it now." He asserts, "Stalin and Mao set back the cause of socialism 75 years," but adds that responsibility for Stalinism went beyond Stalin. "You can't have a cult without worshipers, and I was a worshiper." Now Slovo declares himself an admirer of Mikhail Gorbachev's "exhilarating" reform drive—with the possible exception of Gorbachev's campaign against alcohol, he says glancing at his glass of whiskey.

Many of Slovo's critics doubt he will ever stray far from Moscow's line, whatever it happens to be. The South African Communist Party has backed Moscow over the years on every issue, including the invasions of Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan. An acquaintance says Slovo had vehement debates with his late wife about ideology, with Slovo usually taking a "down the line" position. Slovo hedges about what he thinks of Poland's Solidarity, saying that certain reactionaries tried to take advantage of it for their own ends.

Slovo insists that his Party isn't controlled by Moscow and says accusations that he is a KGB member are absurd. "If I have been a colonel in the Soviet KGB all these years, I must be doing my job pretty poorly not to be promoted." But he says it "isn't up to us to place every Soviet decision under a microscope." Asked if he can recall any issue on which South African Communists publicly deviated from the Soviet line, he pauses, then says, "I don't think so."

But the Moscow line toward South Africa has mellowed a bit, partly because the prolonged conflict is costly to Angola, Moscow's principal ally in the region. At a conference in Europe last year, Soviet experts on southern Africa suggested that a negotiated settlement might set aside special parliamentary seats for whites in a fashion similar to the Lancaster House accord for Zimbabwe (an unfortunate analogy, perhaps, since those set-asides are in the process of being ended). As a result, the Communist Party could even have a moderating influence on uncompromising black nationalists.

SLOVO HAS CEMENTED an alliance with black nationalists built on common tactical goals and personal friendships with ANC president Oliver Tambo and the imprisoned Nelson Mandela. Acquaintances say Mandela was a regular at raucous parties thrown by Slovo and his wife during the 1950s. The personable Joe and the more serious Ruth were at the center of the social and political scene. "If your identity number hadn't been taken in a police raid at a Slovo party, you just weren't in," recalls Arthur Goldreich, who aided the ANC at that time. Slovo and First also helped to write the Freedom Charter, now the holy tablet of the ANC. (First later edited a collection of Mandela's speeches and writings—conveniently omitting a passage in which Mandela speaks of the need to bolster the black bourgeoisie.) In 1961 the Communist Party co-founded Umkhonto we Sizwe. Though now officially the ANC's military wing, Umkhonto was initially a separate organization backed by the Party and more militant elements of the ANC, including Mandela. (Older ANC leaders in the early 1960s never were convinced to endorse violence.)

Not all black nationalists were won over by Slovo and First. The Pan-Africa Congress split from the ANC in 1959, partly because its followers resented the involvement of Indian and white Communists in the ANC leadership. Although the PAC and its latter-day allies from the black consciousness movement of the mid-1970s espouse a socialist line these days, they remain leery of white Communists.

The effect of Slovo's friendship on the nation's two

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leading black nationalists was dramatic. In the late 1940s Tambo and Mandela tried to bar Communists from the ANC. Fifteen years later, Mandela defended in court the ANC's close ties with the Communist Party. "Communists were the only political group who were prepared to eat with us, talk with us, live with us, and work with us," he said. Today Tambo refers to the ANC and the SACP as the "two pillars of our struggle."

ANC and SACP views coincide on the strategic issues of violence and negotiation. Over the last 20 years, Slovo has helped rebuild the ANC military wing. Following the 1963 capture of most of the top ANC leadership at its underground headquarters in a northern Johannesburg suburb, eight top men were sentenced to life imprisonment, including Mandela and four Communists. Slovo was overseas at the time and remained there. The movement was so decimated that for a while Slovo was a court reporter for a London legal journal and considered taking an academic post.

LAST YEAR, however, the ANC military wing had its most active year ever. "To step up armed activity is absolutely vital," Slovo says. "Even the sort of peripheral reforms and the mere mention of the word dialogue from some hard-line racists is a response to what has been done in this field." The ANC has attacked a broad range of targets: an armed assault on a police station; the sabotage of power substations; grenades thrown at trains during a railway strike; assassinations of informers; and a limpet mine left in a crowded shopping mall just before Christmas 1985, killing five white civilians and injuring a dozen others, including women and children.

Officially the ANC says it tries to avoid civilian casualties, but acknowledges that civilians can get caught in the cross fire. Slovo says he doesn't believe in attacking civilians, but adds there is little the ANC can do to control some of its agents inside South Africa. "It is the measure of a pre-revolutionary situation when actions take place beyond the call of the organized movements. No revolutionary movement can guide and control every street action."

Though guerrilla attacks rose sharply last year, Slovo says the military wing didn't match expectations and must choose targets that carry greater symbolic meaning. Moreover, Slovo is skeptical about the ANC's ability to win a military victory, and says that trade unions might be a more powerful lever for changing South Africa. He believes the ANC should be prepared to negotiate. He doesn't see violence as a catharsis, as did the radical psychiatrist Frantz Fanon in Algeria. "There isn't a single struggle in the postwar period in the colonies which hasn't ended at the negotiating table. If there were a way of settling this thing peacefully tomorrow, we [Communists] would be the first to say, Let's do it." The preconditions for such talks, he says, would be to unban the ANC, release Mandela, and withdraw troops from the black townships.

Slovo claims surprising flexibility beyond those conditions. "The rest can be tossed about: the mixed economy, cultural rights, and the kind of political system. What can't be tossed about is the issue of majority rule." All this reasonableness is very different from the views Slovo set forth 12 years ago in an essay called "No Middle Road." That essay emphasized the ability of the ANC to win a prolonged guerrilla war and stimulate a revolutionary uprising within the country. It stressed that "true liberation" lay in the domination of proletarian workers and peasants over the petite bourgeoisie and the "speedy progression from formal liberation [meaning majority rule] to lasting emancipation [meaning a socialist state]."

Now he suggests a cautious approach to South Africa's economy under majority rule, saying the ANC won't repeat the mistakes of other African socialists. "I foresee a mixed economy for a long time to come in South Africa, even though it may not be what I prefer," Slovo says. "Socialist man isn't produced by the issuing of an edict or the raising of a flag. In the transition period, you must bake bread, not just slogans," he says, coining a new slogan.

The time for negotiations is still far off, Slovo warns. When the National Party won the 1948 elections on a platform of expanding and institutionalizing apartheid, someone asked Slovo how long the government would last and he estimated five years. Three decades later he still says five years. "Someday I'll be right," he says. It is a cruel joke.

SLOVO'S POSITION within the ANC military hierarchy and his endorsement of violence place him in personal danger, about which he at first appears—traveling alone—to be unconcerned. But when he trips on a stair, a gun falls out of his ankle holster. "Oops," he says. "I didn't mean to show that to you."

The ANC chief of staff seems deeply affected by the 1982 letter bomb that killed his wife. When two newspapers, one French and one South African, suggested that Slovo himself had killed First, he sued for libel and won. He says that the South African government has sent people to try to kill him. Some of these people, he says, "have been dealt with." That chilling pronouncement is a reminder that although Slovo seems like an amiable guy, running an insurgency isn't a friendly business. The South African government alleges that 21 people have been executed in ANC military camps, some of them probably South African government agents. The ANC has produced a couple of those alleged victims, alive and well, and allowed them to give interviews with journalists. Those not produced may well have met less fortunate ends.

It's a business that appears out of character for a man who still is able to sound almost naively idealistic at times. "Since I believe that man and woman are essentially good, I believe that socialist man and woman can be created in time. Except it is obviously going to take longer than we imagined when we were all starry-eyed utopians in the early days."

In the 25th anniversary issue of *Dawn*, the magazine of the ANC military wing, while others tell heroic stories, Slovo recounts a comic tale of near disaster. At the outset of the first sabotage campaign in late 1961, Slovo went to set fire to the Johannesburg Drill Hall. He and some colleagues had spent days making homemade explosives. They planned to ignite bottles of the concoction by rigging

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up a fuse made of paper through which acid would drip onto the mixture when turned upside down.

But Slovo inadvertently picked the day the military authorities were having their monthly cleaning. About 50 black cleaners were stacking the wooden chairs and polishing the wooden floor that Slovo hoped to burn. Slovo then went to place the explosive mixture in an administrative office. He had just turned the bottle upside down in a bag when a clipped military voice behind him asked if he needed any help. The startled Slovo made up a story about looking into an army exemption for his brother, who had to take some examinations. (In fact, Slovo has no brother.) Still holding the bag with the bomb inside, Slovo waited anxiously while the soldier made an inquiry. When told to return another day, Slovo gave the officer a sweaty handshake and briskly walked away. As soon as possible, he reached inside the bag and snatched the bottle to stop the explosion. "Those were the longest three minutes of my life," Slovo says.

Old war stories from a war that is far from over.

The case against strict constructionism.

WHAT AM I? A POTTED PLANT?

BY RICHARD A. POSNER

MANY PEOPLE, not all of conservative bent, believe that modern American courts are too aggressive, too "activist," too prone to substitute their own policy preferences for those of the elected branches of government. This may well be true. But some who complain of judicial activism espouse a view of law that is too narrow. And a good cause will not hallow a bad argument.

This point of view often is called "strict constructionism." A more precise term would be "legal formalism." A forceful polemic by Walter Berns in the June 1987 issue of *Commentary*—"Government by Lawyers and Judges"—summarizes the formalist view well. Issues of the "public good" can "be decided legitimately only with the consent of the governed." Judges have no legitimate say about these issues. Their business is to address issues of private rights, that is, "to decide whether the right exists—in the Constitution or in a statute—and, if so, what it is; but at that point inquiry ceases." The judge may not use "discretion and the weighing of consequences" to arrive at his decisions and he may not create new rights. The Constitution is a source of rights, but only to the extent that it embodies "fundamental and clearly articulated principles of government." There must be no judicial creativity or "policy-making."

In short, there is a political sphere, where the people rule, and there is a domain of fixed rights, administered but not created or altered by judges. The first is the sphere of discretion, the second of application. Legislators make the law; judges find and apply it.

There has never been a time when the courts of the United States, state or federal, behaved consistently in accordance with this idea. Nor could they, for reasons rooted in the nature of law and legal institutions, in the limitations of human knowledge, and in the character of a political system.

"Questions about the public good" and "questions about private rights" are inseparable. The private right is conferred in order to promote the public good. So in deciding how broadly the right shall be interpreted, the court must consider the implications of its interpretation for the public good. For example, should an heir who murders his benefactor have a right to inherit from his victim? The answer depends, in part anyway, on the public good that results from discouraging murders. Almost the whole of so-called private law, such as property, contract, and tort law, is instrumental to the public end of obtaining the social advantages of free markets. Furthermore, most private law is common law—that is, law made by judges rather than by legislators or by constitution-framers. Judges have been entrusted with making policy from the start.

Often when deciding difficult questions of private rights courts have to weigh policy considerations. If a locomotive spews sparks that set a farmer's crops afire, has the railroad invaded the farmer's property right or does the railroad's ownership of its right of way implicitly include the right to emit sparks? If the railroad has such a right, shall it be conditioned on the railroad's taking reasonable precautions to minimize the danger of fire? If, instead, the farmer has the right, shall it be conditioned on his taking reasonable precautions? Such questions cannot be answered sensibly without considering the social consequences of alternative answers.

A second problem is that when a constitutional convention, a legislature, or a court promulgates a rule of law, it necessarily does so without full knowledge of the circum-

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stances in which the rule might be invoked in the future. When the unforeseen circumstance arises—it might be the advent of the motor vehicle or of electronic surveillance, or a change in attitudes toward religion, race, and sexual propriety—a court asked to apply the rule must decide, in light of information not available to the promulgators of the rule, what the rule should mean in its new setting. That is a creative decision, involving discretion, the weighing of consequences, and, in short, a kind of legislative judgment—though, properly, one more confined than if the decision were being made by a real legislature. A court that decides, say, that copyright protection extends to the coloring of old black-and-white movies is making a creative decision, because the copyright laws do not mention colorization. It is not being lawless or usurpative merely because it is weighing consequences and exercising discretion.

Or if a court decides (as the Supreme Court has done in one of its less controversial modern rulings) that the Fourth Amendment's prohibition against unreasonable searches and seizures shall apply to wiretapping, even though no trespass is committed by wiretapping and hence no property right is invaded, the court is creating a new right and making policy. But in a situation not foreseen and expressly provided for by the Framers of the Constitution, a simple reading out of a policy judgment made by the Framers is impossible.

EVEN THE MOST carefully drafted legislation has gaps. The Constitution, for example, does not say that the federal government has sovereign immunity—the right, traditionally enjoyed by all sovereign governments, not to be sued without its consent. Nevertheless the Supreme Court held that the federal government has sovereign immunity. Is this interpolation usurpative? The Federal Tort Claims Act, a law waiving sovereign immunity so citizens can sue the government, makes no exception for suits by members of the armed services who are injured through the negligence of their superiors. Nevertheless the Supreme Court has held that the act was not intended to provide soldiers with a remedy. The decision may be right or wrong, but it is not wrong just because it is creative. The 11th Amendment to the Constitution forbids a citizen of one state to sue "another" state in federal court without the consent of the defendant state. Does this mean that you can sue your own state in federal court without the state's consent? That's what the words seem to imply, but the Supreme Court has held that the 11th Amendment was intended to preserve the sovereign immunity of the states more broadly. The Court thought this was implied by the federalist system that the Constitution created. Again the Court may have been right or wrong, but it was not wrong just because it was creative.

Opposite the unrealistic picture of judges who apply law but never make it, Walter Berns hangs an unrealistic picture of a populist legislature that acts only "with the consent of the governed." Speaking for myself, I find that many of the political candidates whom I have voted for have failed to be elected and that those who have been elected have then proceeded to enact much legislation that did not have my consent. Given the effectiveness of interest groups in the political process, much of this legislation probably didn't have the consent of a majority of citizens. Politically, I feel more governed than self-governing. In considering whether to reduce constitutional safeguards to slight dimensions, we should be sure to have a realistic, not an idealized, picture of the legislative and executive branches of government, which would thereby be made more powerful than they are today.

To banish all discretion from the judicial process would indeed reduce the scope of constitutional rights. The framers of a constitution who want to make it a charter of liberties and not just a set of constitutive rules face a difficult choice. They can write specific provisions, and thereby doom their work to rapid obsolescence or irrelevance; or they can write general provisions, thereby delegating substantial discretion to the authoritative interpreters, who in our system are the judges. The U.S. Constitution is a mixture of specific and general provisions. Many of the specific provisions have stood the test of time amazingly well or have been amended without any great fuss. This is especially true of the rules establishing the structure and procedures of Congress. Most of the specific provisions creating rights, however, have fared poorly. Some have proved irksomely anachronistic—for example, the right to a jury trial in federal court in all cases at law if the stakes exceed $20. Others have become dangerously anachronistic, such as the right to bear arms. Some have even turned topsy-turvy, such as the provision for indictment by grand jury. The grand jury has become an instrument of prosecutorial investigation rather than a protection for the criminal suspect. If the Bill of Rights had consisted entirely of specific provisions, it would have aged very rapidly and would no longer be a significant constraint on the behavior of government officials.

MANY PROVISIONS of the Constitution, however, are drafted in general terms. This creates flexibility in the face of unforeseen changes, but it also creates the possibility of multiple interpretations, and this possibility is an embarrassment for a theory of judicial legitimacy that denies that judges have any right to exercise discretion. A choice among semantically plausible interpretations of a text, in circumstances remote from those contemplated by its drafters, requires the exercise of discretion and the weighing of consequences. Reading is not a form of deduction; understanding requires a consideration of consequences. If I say, "I'll eat my hat," one reason that my listeners will "decode" this in non-literal fashion is that I couldn't eat a hat if I tried. The broader principle, which applies to the Constitution as much as to a spoken utterance, is that if one possible interpretation of an ambiguous statement would entail absurd or terrible results, that is a good reason to adopt an alternative interpretation.

Even the decision to read the Constitution narrowly, and thereby "restrain" judicial interpretation, is not a decision that can be read directly from the text. The Constitution

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does not say, "Read me broadly," or, "Read me narrowly." That decision must be made as a matter of political theory, and will depend on such things as one's view of the springs of judicial legitimacy and of the relative competence of courts and legislatures in dealing with particular types of issues.

Consider the provision in the Sixth Amendment that "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defense." Read narrowly, this just means that the defendant can't be forbidden to retain counsel; if he can't afford counsel, or competent counsel, he is out of luck. Read broadly, it guarantees even the indigent the effective assistance of counsel; it becomes not just a negative right to be allowed to hire a lawyer but a positive right to demand the help of the government in financing one's defense. Either reading is compatible with the semantics of the provision, but the first better captures the specific intent of the Framers. At the time the Sixth Amendment was written, English law forbade a criminal defendant to have the assistance of counsel unless abstruse questions of law arose in his case. The Framers wanted to do away with this prohibition. But, more broadly, they wanted to give criminal defendants protection against being railroaded. When they wrote, government could not afford, or at least did not think it could afford, to hire lawyers for indigent criminal defendants. Moreover, criminal trials were short and simple, so it was not ridiculous to expect a person to defend himself without a lawyer if he couldn't afford to hire one. Today the situation is different. Not only can the society easily afford to supply lawyers to poor people charged with crimes, but modern criminal law and procedure are so complicated that an unrepresented defendant will usually be at a great disadvantage.

I DO NOT KNOW whether Professor Berns thinks the Supreme Court was usurping legislative power when it held in the *Gideon* case that a poor person has a right to the assistance of counsel at the state's expense. But his article does make clear his view that the Supreme Court should not have invalidated racial segregation in public schools. Reading the words of the 14th Amendment in the narrowest possible manner in order to minimize judicial discretion, and noting the absence of evidence that the Framers wanted to eliminate segregation, Berns argues that "equal protection of the laws" just means non-discriminatory enforcement of whatever laws are enacted, even if the laws themselves are discriminatory. He calls the plausible empirical proposition that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal" "a logical absurdity."

On Berns's reading, the promulgation of the equal protection clause was a trivial gesture at giving the recently freed slaves (and other blacks, whose status at the time was little better than that of serfs) political equality with whites, since the clause in his view forbids the denial of that equality only by executive officers. The state may not withdraw police protection from blacks (unless by legislation?) but it may forbid them to sit next to whites on buses. This is a possible reading of the 14th Amendment but not an inevitable one, unless judges must always interpret the Constitution as denying them the power to exercise judgment.

No one really believes this. Everyone professionally connected with law knows that, in Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous expression, judges legislate "interstitially," which is to say they make law, only more cautiously, more slowly, and in more principled, less partisan, fashion than legislators. The attempt to deny this truism entangles "strict constructionists" in contradictions. Berns says both that judges can enforce only "clearly articulated principles" and that they may invalidate unconstitutional laws. But the power to do this is not "articulated" in the Constitution; it is merely implicit in it. He believes that the courts have been wrong to interpret the First Amendment as protecting the publication of foul language in school newspapers, yet the words "freedom of speech, or of the press" do not appear to exclude foul language in school newspapers. Berns says he deduces his conclusion from the principle that expression, to be within the scope of the First Amendment, must be related to representative government. Where did he get that principle from? He didn't read it in the Constitution.

THE FIRST AMENDMENT also forbids Congress to make laws "respecting an establishment of religion." Berns says this doesn't mean that Congress "must be neutral between religion and irreligion." But the words will bear that meaning, so how does he decide they should be given a different meaning? By appealing to Tocqueville's opinion of the importance of religion in a democratic society. In short, the correct basis for decision is the consequence of the decision for democracy. Yet consequences are not—in the strict constructionist view—a fit thing for courts to consider. Berns even expresses regret that the modern Supreme Court is oblivious to Tocqueville's opinion "of the importance of the woman . . . whose chastity as a young girl is protected not only by religion but by an education that limits her 'imagination.' " A court that took such opinions into account would be engaged in aggressively consequentialist thinking rather than in strict construction.

The liberal judicial activists may be imprudent and misguided in their efforts to enact the liberal political agenda into constitutional law, but it is no use pretending that what they are doing is not interpretation but "deconstruction," not law but politics, because it involves the exercise of discretion and a concern with consequences and because it reaches results not foreseen 200 years ago. It may be bad law because it lacks firm moorings in constitutional text, or structure, or history, or consensus, or other legitimate sources of constitutional law, or because it is reckless of consequences, or because it oversimplifies difficult moral and political questions. But it is not bad law, or no law, just because it violates the tenets of strict construction. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Disorderly Conduct

The Fourth Protocol. Michael Caine says that he made five pictures last year, so it's no surprise that another one comes along so soon after *The Whistle Blower*. The only mild surprise is that the new one is close in milieu to the previous one. Once more we plunge into the crisply articulate, murkily scheming world of British Intelligence. This time its Soviet counterpart is added thereunto.

The Fourth Protocol
(Lorimar)
Deadline
(Skouras)
A Prayer for the Dying
(Samuel Goldwyn)
The Big Easy
(Columbia)

Caine was so impressed with the thriller by Frederick Forsyth that he served as co-producer of the film. Forsyth wrote his own screenplay (with some assistance from George Axelrod and Richard Burridge), and since the picture's flaws are all in its script, the novelist-screenwriter is responsible. The performances are all adequate, including Caine's, although he's not required to do as much as in the last film. The editing is sharp; the lighting by Phil Meheux gives the film a more subtle texture than it deserves. But the script is both complicated and padded. It takes too long to sort out the wheels within wheels, the deals within deals, that are supposed to grip us from the start; and it wanders into digressions.

The Fourth Protocol itself is the fourth secret article in the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty of 1968, signed by the United States, the United Kingdom, and the U.S.S.R. In that article the three parties promise not to construct an atomic bomb within the territory of another party—apparently an easy job since the 12 components of an A-bomb (we're told) could be smuggled in separately. Caine is a British agent who detects the smuggling and foils the plot—to make an explosion look like an accident at an American air base in England and split the allies. The film's basic suspense problem is that we all know in advance that the plot failed.

Much too much has been inserted to distract us from this fact, as, for instance, an episode in which the KGB blackmails a Soviet professor by showing him *in flagrante* photos of his homosexual son. I'm still not quite clear what the blackmail was *for*. And Caine apparently asked for some character-building stuff: some playful scenes with his ten-year-old son (he's a widower); a scene where he knocks out two skinheads who are annoying a black woman on the London Underground. And there's a car chase.

Deadline. Beirut, 1982. An American TV reporter, Christopher Walken, arrives to replace a colleague who is on leave. Walken gets involved in an exclusive interview that puts him in a tight situation between the PLO and the Christian Phalange. His sangfroid—he's an old pro—begins to get less froid. At the end he runs to warn one of the PLO refugee camps, just before the massacre.

Deadline was shot in Israel, was written by one Israeli, Hanan Peled, and was directed by another, Nathaniel Gutman. A few brief sequences involve Israeli officers, who are shown as somewhat more orderly but no less suspicious and belligerent than the various Arab factions. Little of the political or military data strains credibility, only the plot's plottiness and holes. A German nurse keeps floating through, just to supply a pretty face. At one point Walken discovers the body of his TV colleague in a morgue and does absolutely nothing about it; he just walks away from the body and doesn't even report the death to his office or to local officials.

But given the handicaps of a patchy script and some of the worst cinematography in years, Walken registers bitterly as a man to whom the turmoil and bloodshed are about as involving as sides of beef are to a meat inspector. We know in advance this story wouldn't be told if he weren't going to change, but Walken changes in the scale of the character—without Technicolor acting and without giving up completely on his cool.

A Prayer for the Dying. According to *Variety*, Mike Hodges, the director of this film, is trying to have his name removed from the credits because of the way the film was re-edited after he finished. Apparently we will never see the earlier version. But I don't know why Hodges's name got on the film in the first place. He accepted this dreadful script; after that, any other objections seem puny.

It's about an IRA terrorist who sickens of killing but is so ensnared that he can't break loose. After a bomb of his misses army trucks and hits a school bus, he flees to London, where he is forced to do a hit job in order to get a passport and passage money. Of course he only gets further entangled.

For the first ten minutes or so, the film embodies the despairs of the Irish troubles in one man. Mickey Rourke, in his most authentic performance since

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Hamburger Hill. Gripping, detailed re-creation of a notorious battle in the Vietnam War. John Irvin's nearly flawless direction, Jim Carabatsos's equivalent script, a cast of unknowns give us sane men trapped in insanity. (Reviewed 9/14&21/87)

Matewan. John Sayles wrote and directed this account of a miners' strike, West Virginia, 1920, with great seriousness though less art. Haskell Wexler's cinematography is superb. (9/7/87)

Roxanne. *Cyrano de Bergerac* updated? Set in a Washington town with a fire chief as the hero? Steve Martin wrote and stars? And it's charming? Yes. (6/29/87)

Wish You Were Here. A headstrong teenage girl, in an English seaside town, 1951. Emily Lloyd is comically troublesome and troubling in a ribald but moving rite of passage. (8/3/87)

SK

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Diner, gives the stereotyped killer role—dark glasses and all—some true touches of torment. But very soon the script degenerates into an incredible, cobbled-up movie. There's that same old smoothie crime boss who speaks courteously while he does Nasty Things; there's a Catholic priest who was once a soldier and can still, when riled, knock out three men twice his size; and there's the priest's blind niece who plays the organ in his church. A brothel madame and a bomb are added for goodish measure.

Bob Hoskins is tubbily vigorous as the priest, but the role is full of celluloid stuffing. The one good character touch is in the crime boss, played by Alan Bates. The boss's cover occupation is undertaking, and he uses his professional hair dye and cosmetics to keep himself looking spruce.

The picture's chief virtue is negative. If it had stayed in Northern Ireland, the corny plot would have been offensive to all concerned in the troubles. As it is, Northern Ireland is just the launchpad for another conscience-of-the-killer flick, offensive to no one but the audience.

The Big Easy. Dennis Quaid is a New Orleans detective who has a love/hate affair with Ellen Barkin, a special prosecutor assigned to investigate police department ethics. A drug war knots the two together. As with so many comparable films, the screenplay by Daniel Petrie Jr. and Jack Baran starts veristically, then slides sideways into flapdoodle, but on the way it toys with some mildly interesting ethical ambiguities.

Quaid might be an attractive leading man if he himself were a bit less convinced of it. Ned Beatty, who is a KGB general in *The Fourth Protocol*, gives an insufficiently different performance here as a police captain. Barkin is very disappointing. She was lovely as the young wife in *Diner* and as Robert Duvall's daughter in *Tender Mercies*. Those were supporting roles. Now she is a star; the credits even list an "Assistant to Ellen Barkin." Apparently her new status is, for Barkin, a license to mug. From her first moment, she overdoes, she gives us silent-film "face" acting. It's odd that Jim McBride, who helped Richard Gere to do his best work in the remake of *Breathless*, allowed Barkin to spread all over the screen that way. I hope that someone restrains and refocuses Barkin. A good actress is in danger. □

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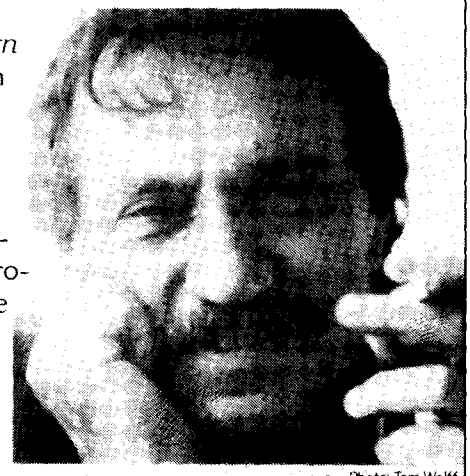
full of the unexpected—especially about what the Russian elite thinks of America."
—Hedrick Smith

When his brilliant novel *The Burn* was published in the West in 1980, Vassily Aksyonov was forced to leave the USSR—and found himself in America, a country he had been brought up to detest (publicly) and venerate (privately). Here are his provocative, satiric, and affectionate impressions of his adopted home.



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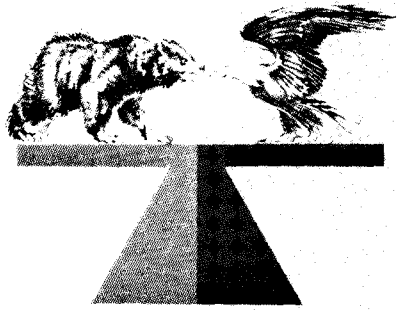

Illustration by Yan Howell

Mortal Rivals
Superpower Relations from Nixon to Reagan
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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Elegy For Old Age

New American plays, banished from New York's main stem, are cropping up in out-of-the-way quarters in modest productions. I belatedly popped in on two such works of reputation, both of them set in the South. My seat was warm for only one act of Robert Harling's *Steel Magnolias* at the Lucille Lortel Theatre—an excruciatingly cute concoction in the Beth Henley manner about a bunch of gabby women in a beauty parlor trading artificial wisecracks (sample: "I'm not crazy—I've just been in a bad mood for forty years"). At the John Houseman Theatre, however, Alfred Uhry's *Driving Miss Daisy*, which might sound equally unappealing in bare outline, proved to be an experience of considerable power and sensitivity.

It was also exquisitely acted and directed, one of those rare moments in theater when every aspect of production seems to be controlled by a single unifying imagination. *Driving Miss Daisy* plays for about 90 minutes without intermission, further documenting my only formula for popularity on the stage these days—that critics and audiences will embrace most warmly those productions that last an intermissionless hour and a half. (Paradoxically, they are only slightly less enthusiastic about those lasting between four and nine hours with breaks for lunch and dinner.) I can't say why this is so—perhaps it is a consequence of the fast forward buttons on our VCRs. I only know that brevity now seems to have become a more important factor than quality in determining theatrical success.

Driving Miss Daisy has both appealing brevity and considerable quality. It is a first play by Uhry, who has hitherto been associated with musicals (he wrote book and lyrics for *The Robber Bridegroom*). If his talent holds against the inevitable pressures, we have another gifted playwright in our midst. Uhry comes from a German-Jewish family in Atlanta. His play is apparently autobiographical, a series of vignettes about the relationship between an aging Southern Jewish matriarch (presumably his grandmother) and her only slightly less venerable black chauffeur. Having once again totaled her car, Daisy Werthan is now considered too feeble to drive. Her son, Boolie, employs Hoke Coleburn to transport her back and forth to the supermarket, the synagogue, the cemetery where her husband is buried—invariably over Daisy's contentious objections. The play concerns the evolving intimacy between these two aged people, the gentle, bemused black man and the cranky Southern Jewess who resists his services—a kind of *I'm Not Rappaport* without the jokes. The old alliance between Jews and blacks is somewhat strained these days. It was already strained in the South during the period of the play, 1948 to 1973. Although "Miss Daisy" (as Hoke calls her, using the common form of subordinate Negro address) persists in believing that she feels no bigotry toward blacks, she is deeply opposed to Hoke's presence in her house, and not just because he reminds her of her helplessness. Daisy embodies all the racial prejudices of her class toward the "other" that Hoke represents.

Including an assumption about thieving black people. Daisy complains to her son that she is missing a can of salmon, having found the empty can under the coffee grounds. Hardly a generous spirit, she assumes that Hoke has stolen this 33-cent item and wants him dismissed. Hoke enters, offering her another can of salmon, to admit he helped himself because the pork chops she gave him were "stiff."

But Hoke, though unfailingly courteous, is not merely a passive image of virtue. It takes him six days to persuade Daisy to let him drive her car ("the same time it took the Lord to make the world"), and when he finally gets her in the Oldsmobile, grumbling and complaining, driving becomes an occasion for a battle of wills. "Hold on, you're speeding," she tells him, as he hurtles along at 19 miles per hour; they have a quarrel about the proper route to the supermarket; she complains that he parked the sedan in front of the synagogue ("like I was Queen of Romania") instead of at the side entrance. A former teacher, Daisy is sensitive about being wealthy ("I don't want you, I don't need you, and I don't like you saying I'm rich"), while Hoke tries to persuade her there's nothing wrong with having a little money.

They disagree about everything and Hoke spends his days moping in the kitchen, a talkative man deprived of conversation. Only when they drive to visit her husband's grave does some intimacy spring up between them. Unable to make out the writing on the gravestone, Hoke arouses Daisy's tutorial instincts by admitting he's illiterate. Before long she is teaching him to read phonetically, and later gives him a handwriting copy book as a gift.

Daisy denies this is a Christmas present. She disapproves deeply of Jews who observe that holiday, chief among them her daughter-in-law, Floreen, whose idea of heaven on earth, she says, is "socializing with Episcopalians." Floreen is an invisible character, deftly characterized by the playwright with simple strokes through Daisy's attitude toward her. Floreen puts reindeer in her trees, a Christmas wreath in every window. ("If I had [her] nose," snorts Daisy, "I wouldn't go around saying Merry Christmas to anyone.") Despite her nose, Floreen ends up as a Republican National Committeewoman, the type of woman who goes to New York to see *My Fair Lady* rather than attend the funeral of Daisy's brother in Mobile.

The trip to Mobile inspires tender and nostalgic memories in Daisy, who recalls tasting salt water on her face at her brother's wedding. As for Hoke, he admits to having never left Georgia before, and "Alabama ain't lookin' like much so far." Yet even this intimate journey inspires arguments. Hoke has to pass water; Daisy wants him to wait until they reach a Standard Oil gas station. But colored people aren't allowed to use white rest rooms and Hoke, shouting he will not be treated like a dog, stops the car and disappears into a bush. Her small piping "Hoke?" signifies a belated realization of just how much she needs him.

Going to the synagogue one morning, both of them see a big mess in the road. The temple has been bombed. By whom? "Always the same ones," says Hoke. Daisy is convinced the hoodlums meant to bomb the conservative synagogue, but as Hoke observes, "A Jew is a Jew—just as in the dark we're all the same nigger." This shared suffering moves Hoke to speak of a time when the father of his friend was lynched, his hands tied behind his back and flies all over his body. "Why did you tell me that story?" asks Daisy. "Stop talking to me."

By the time she's nearing 90, and extremely feeble, Daisy has developed

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enough social conscience to help organize a United Jewish Appeal banquet honoring Martin Luther King Jr. Now it is her son, a successful banker with business to conduct with a racist clientele, who is hesitant about public demonstration of Jewish-black friendship. But Daisy persists. "Isn't it wonderful the way things are changing?" she says to Hoke, who grumbles, "Things ain't changed that much." Daisy has waited until the very day of the King memorial to invite him to join her at the banquet—and with quiet pride he refuses.

Growing senile in her 90s, confused and rambling, convinced she's teaching school again, Daisy realizes, with a start, that Hoke, the black man, is her best friend. And when her son and Hoke come to visit her in the nursing home, it is Hoke she wishes to talk to. "How old are you?" he asks. "I'm doing the best I can." "Me too," he responds, ". . . that's all there is to it." In the final action of the play, a sweet, delicate moment, he feeds her two pieces of pie.

This odd love story, though it never underestimates the difficulty of intimacy between the races, could easily grow mawkish. It is a tribute to Uhry's discreet understatement that the sentiment does not grow into corn—or into *The Corn Is Green*. It is also a testimony to the gracefully detailed direction of Ron Lagomarsino and the splendid acting performances of Dana Ivey as Daisy Werthan and Morgan Freeman as Hoke Coleburn. (Ray Gill, playing Boolie like a portly young Charles Durning, is also effective in a more sketchy role.) The way Ivey and Freeman each age 25 years in the course of the action has been widely admired, and it should be. This is not a technical stunt, but the achievement of two gifted actors fully inhabiting their roles. Padded and spectacled in her flowered dress and lace collar, Ivey gives Daisy a growing fragility, inwardness, and snappishness that personifies perfectly realized old age, while Freeman's gray-haired, hatchet-faced, stooped, vaguely cadaverous Hoke is a portrait of a dignified, endearing soul. When he simulates driving the car, sitting on a stool, gently turning the wheel, and raising his eyes as if to watch his passenger in a rearview mirror, he creates a space filled with serenity.

The economy of the acting is matched by that of the production. Thomas Lynch's setting consists of a scrim, a few sticks of furniture, and two stools that represent the front and back seats of the

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car. Arden Fingerhut's lighting enhances the multiple scene changes. And Robert Waldman's string trio composition—viola, cello, and banjo—blends atmospheric music with the twangy sounds of the South. *Driving Miss Daisy* is all of a piece, combining elements of sense and sensibility, not to mention generous portions of pride and prejudice. It is the work of decent people, working against odds to show how humans still manage to reach out to each other in a divided world.

The golden age of American expatriation.

PILGRIMS IN PARIS

BY JERROLD SEIGEL

A NATION of immigrants, the United States has given birth to an unusual form of emigration—small but significant numbers of Americans who have gone to live in the old Europe from which our nation was created as a refuge and an escape. Their existence there has been hard to classify. Other countries have sent forth conquerors or colonial occupiers, students, diplomats, spies, business people, the persecuted or unwanted, and emigrants hoping either to better themselves and return or to remain and assimilate. Only Americans have voluntarily sought to live as themselves, unhyphenated, in other places. Fleeing America they have taken it with them, expecting to fulfill their destiny as Americans better elsewhere, to be free there in ways we have all been taught to expect, but not allowed to experience, here. Theirs is a fantasy many stay-at-homes share; perhaps that is why we are so strongly drawn to them.

Some reasons why life has seemed less restricted abroad are straightforward and material. Waverley Root remembers that in the late 1920s a very good meal with excellent wine could be had in Paris for about a dollar. (That was still the price of a budget meal and vin ordinaire for those who followed his trail in the '50s and '60s.) But if the exchange rate has sometimes made expatriate life easy, other things have complicated it. Americans have cultivated—as T. S. Eliot wrote of Henry James—a peculiar sense of the past, one that locates history in Europe, leaving our own country liberated from (or bereft of) the past's influence. To be free of history has been one of our nation's most cherished, and perhaps most baleful, illusions. Some Americans have gone to Europe in search of history; but living there has not always been a way to find the historical rootedness from which American life seems to float free.

Quite the opposite, it has served as a second uprooting, raising the original American flight from time and place to a higher power, and projecting it with extra intensity against the background of a European world inseparable from its history. Time and place, however, have often caught up with Americans in Europe, making the promise of freedom that has lured them there as much subject to disappointment abroad as at home. The Americans who have made the best of the chance to live in Europe have been those able to retain a certain detachment from the myth that identifies European life with an idealized version of the personal freedom promised, but not delivered, by America.

No period illustrates all this better than the classic era of American expatriate life, the time between the wars when remarkable writers such as Ernest Hemingway, Ezra Pound, Djuna Barnes, E. E. Cummings, Henry Miller, and Gertrude Stein shared streets and squares and café tables with lesser lights and unknowns in numbers large enough to make the American presence in Europe inescapable. Paris was the center of this American life abroad, and it has had many chroniclers. At the time, several of these were associated with the Paris edition of Colonel Robert McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*, a paper that paid badly, but for that very reason could be home to gifted people who did not have to pretend that their lives revolved wholly around their work. The paper's quality and eventual success grew out of the links it established with the literary and artistic milieu of Montparnasse, which set it apart from its more staid competitor, the *Herald*.

Montparnasse life was one of the paper's constant subjects, attended to by a series of talents that included Waverley Root, Eugene Jolas (the campaigner for the modernist "Revolution of the Word" and the publisher of Joyce, who once described his important magazine *transition* as an offshoot of the *Tribune*), and Wambly Bald, whose columns entitled "La Vie de Bohème," spanning the years 1929-1933, have just been edited by Benjamin Franklin V.

Bald has been variously described as the James Boswell or the Walter Winchell of the era. Neither characterization quite does him justice. Bald felt burdened by his status as a latecomer; by the time he arrived in Paris in 1929 (with a philosophy degree from the University of Chicago and a career that included selling beer and riding the rails) the major literary work of the exile community had already been done, Montparnasse was crowded with tourists and hangers-on, and the coming of the Great Depression meant that most Americans' days in Europe were numbered. He sometimes lamented the Montparnasse he observed as a mere copy of an earlier, more vital and genuine center of cultural life; and in his last, bitter column, he described the quarter as a dirty rag ready for the garbage can, a ship sunk long ago.

Usually, however, Bald kept his pessimism reined in, portraying Montparnasse as a genuine successor to Paris Bohemian life. It was a world in which fantasy and imagination found release, and inhibitions dissolved. Samuel Putnam's *New Review* was "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposi-

On The Left Bank
by Wambly Bald
edited by Benjamin Franklin V
(Ohio University Press, 159 pp., $19.95)

The Paris Edition: The Autobiography of Waverley Root, 1927-1934
edited by Samuel Abt
(North Point Press, 224 pp., $16.95)

Four Lives in Paris
by Hugh Ford
(North Point Press, 272 pp., $19.95)

Women of the Left Bank, Paris, 1900-1940
by Shari Benstock
(University of Texas Press, 566 pp., $26.95, $12.95 paper)

Jerrold Seigel teaches in the history department at Princeton. He is the author of *Bohemian Paris* (Viking/Penguin) and *Marx's Fate* (Princeton University Press).

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tion that almost anyone is literary." The Countess Lina Monici was an arch-Bohemian because "her ego never emerged. It never questioned her libido." Henry Miller represented the quarter's "classic color that has not faded away since Murger and other optimists."

There was a certain irony in these claims. The legacy of Murger (the writer who put Bohemia on the map in the 1840s and the original for Rodolfo in Puccini's *La Bohème*) had come under discussion by French writers in 1922, the centenary of his birth. But their comments had all pointed to the passing of Bohemia, its inability to survive the growing complexity of modern life and what one journalist called "the worm of politics," the gnawing presence of difficult political choices in the aftermath of the Russian Revolution. Bald's Americans did not have to face up to these choices. By perpetually postponing commitment, they were able to recover in their lives something of the original romantic Bohemia, increasingly closed to their French hosts.

READERS OF Bald's columns will find them a mixed bag, some slight and hardly worth reprinting, others displaying the never quite developed talent that led one contemporary to dub him "the greatest living non-writer." Although his purpose was usually simple reportage, the best of his work went in other directions. He told typically American tall tales—one recounting how he failed to impress the explorer and self-proclaimed cannibal Willie Seabrook by taking him down a dark Left Bank alleyway to a door where the password "*désespérée*" gained admittance to a room in which two men played billiards with human skulls. He offered little gems of self-parody, such as a purported interview with Djuna Barnes in which the lament that "it's all over" attaches itself first to Montparnasse, then to Greenwich Village, and finally signals the end of the interview itself.

These writings were Bald's way of participating in the spirit of adventure and experimentation he identified with Montparnasse. That spirit may sometimes have been rooted in mere self-indulgence or frivolity, but we would be wrong to dismiss it too quickly. The same aspiration—to dissolve restraint, release fantasy, and explore areas of the psyche and experience closed to ordinary life—belonged to the program of the artistic movements that made Paris between the wars the heart of European modernism, the home of its achievements and illusions.

The American exiles were drawn to modernist Paris by a kind of elective affinity, and Bald's best writing links matter-of-factness with the marvelous, much as Surrealism did. Looking at his world with a mixture of irony and affection, he sometimes came close to the Surrealists by setting art and the claim to live freely in its name in an exchange that made work and self-indulgence alternately reinforce and question each other. But he lacked any clear sense of what he wanted from either art or life, and that emptiness gave entry to the bitterness of his farewell. "I think art should be put in its place," he concluded his last column. "Art is a solace but no solution," and Montparnasse was a corpse he was "tired of jiggling." The sour taste came from having to swallow the recognition that those who came to Paris could not be redeemed by the vague notion of art in whose name they gathered. There had been something hollow all along about the attempt to root liberation in escape from America.

WAVERLEY ROOT'S memoirs, published as *The Paris Edition*, breathe a very different spirit. Those who know Root's name nowadays may associate him mostly with food, about which he wrote in his later years; they have forgotten that he was a distinguished political journalist who covered Europe for the *Washington Post* and other major news media. His autobiography is a slight and casual book, but one full of charm, humor, good sense, and even wisdom.

Root loved Paris as much as anyone, and took full advantage of the freedom it offered from Puritan limits. But he never lost sight of the real conditions of life there, and above all never thought that living freely under the sign of art could be a solution to any problems that mattered. It is typical that he calls one of his earliest chapters "I Never Knew Hemingway," neatly separating himself from those who tried to live in the reflected glory of the great literary lights. He begins his recollections of Paris by telling how much more lumpy, gritty, and worn-out the art-school models being carried home naked from the Bal des Quat'z-Arts were in the flesh than in his student fantasies. His was a disillusionment faced up to at the start and lived with. About the café existence of Montparnasse he agreed with Harold Stearns: "It was a useless, silly life, and I have missed it every day since."

Root was above all a newspaperman, and his recollections revolve around putting out the sheet its staffers called "the daily miracle." Fun and work were seldom far apart—in the sometimes alcoholic camaraderie of the office and the habitual bistro across the street, in the rough and tumble competition with other papers, in the gaffes and disasters, and often in the staff's nervous but productive relations with its distant, tyrannical boss, Colonel McCormick. Known for his outrageous actions and pronouncements (he obtained the call letters WGN—"World's Greatest Newspaper"—for his radio station, rode a horse up the stairs of a house, pretended to believe that the Ukraine was a musical instrument), McCormick should remind us that some Americans of the day could practice self-advertisement and flaunt personal eccentricity on their own home ground.

Root felt distant from the colonel at many points (notably politics), but he saw that McCormick's outlandish spirit, and even his low salaries, contributed to the liveliness and independence of the Paris edition. McCormick's dislike of what he called the "lobster palace Americans" on the Right Bank made it easier for his paper to orient itself toward the café crowd on the Left Bank. Root himself had many ties to the literary circles and edited the *Tribune*'s book page; and he is not too modest to reprint the truly hilarious spoof of Gertrude Stein he published there. A suitable epitaph for Paris as Root knew it might be the line he quotes from a colleague: "Never in the history of journalism have so many men had such a wonderful time on so little money."

COMMENTARY like Bald's columns and Root's memoirs provide the material from which historians and literary critics construct their accounts of what Paris meant to Americans between the wars. Two recent attempts show some contrasts in what can be found there. Hugh Ford's *Four Lives in Paris* is both casual and serious, combining a chatty, tolerant approach with an aspiration to reveal something new about the era by focusing on some of its less examined figures. These are George Antheil, the composer known for his *Ballet Mécanique*; Harold Stearns, the fabled café fixture who appeared briefly in *The Sun Also Rises* as Harvey Stone, and who remains the best single exemplar of expatriation's charms and dangers; Kay Boyle, a writer cur-

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rently experiencing something of a revival; and Margaret Anderson, the editor of *The Little Review*, who was fined for publishing Joyce in America in 1922 and who ended up as a follower of the mystic Gurdjieff. Ford knows the period well (he has produced three earlier works about it), and his readable new book provides its share of interesting information. But it offers no general vision of its subject, and too often it proceeds by weaving together an undigested chronicle of events with plot summaries and quotations from reviews.

The limits of Ford's approach are clear in his treatment of Antheil. The self-proclaimed bad boy of music (that was the title of his autobiography), Antheil was self-indulgent and petulant, a perpetual adolescent, obsessed with making it, caught up in his own need for self-dramatization, often scrounging for money, and deludedly setting up greater people (notably Stravinsky) as foils for his fantasies of power and renown. Europe for him was the place where reputations could be made, to be brought home like trophies. The strategy collapsed in 1927, when a Carnegie Hall concert planned to capitalize on the success he achieved in France failed completely.

These features of Antheil's story emerge clearly enough in Ford's telling; just for that reason we are left puzzled about the writer's sympathy for his subject. We get lots of reviewers' comments but no real sense of Antheil as a musician—of where his particular mix of flamboyant experimentation and more discrete eclecticism came from; whether his was a large talent spoiled by a flawed personality or a mediocre gift magnified by a passion for publicity; what it was that made people like Ezra Pound and Virgil Thomson take him seriously; what his story tells about the relationship between real creative power and the capacity for self promotion within the avant-garde that gave a home to both.

THE PATTERN of Harold Stearns's life is easier to specify, and Ford traces it with strong strokes. Stearns's departure for Europe on the Fourth of July, 1921, made expatriation his way of staking a personal claim to liberty. (In *Exile's Return* Malcolm Cowley offered him as a romantic hero of the lost generation.) In 1920 Stearns had published an essay contrasting the gray sameness of America with a Europe where life could still be lived, and on the day of his departure he completed his preface to the symposium *Civilization in the United States*, in which he bewailed the "sharp dichotomy between preaching and practice" in American life, its bigoted restrictions on pleasure and enjoyment, its rejection of imagination and adventure. These were the public themes of expatriate culture, but Ford suggests that Stearns was moved to leave America by a more private impulse, the death of his wife, in childbirth, in 1920. Ambitious and strong, she had pushed Stearns away from the passivity and self-indulgence he had already begun to display in New York before the war, and to which he would return in Paris, where Montparnasse became a new version of Greenwich Village, unburdened by the weight of Prohibition.

HIS PLEASURES were talk and drink, and in a series of letters about French life for an American magazine Stearns had no trouble equating his adopted country with freedom, at the same time labeling any French concern with industry, efficiency, and money as Americanization (an error many have made since). Paris, applying no pressure to conform, allowed every individual to show what he could become on his own. What Stearns became was a sad, lonely, often desperate figure, pointed out to tourists at the Montparnasse cafés, famous for the high pile of saucers collected on his table (one for each drink, long the way French waiters totaled up bills). He resembled Murger's original Bohemians in his ability to use "art" to dramatize his distance from ordinary life (he talked of writing a book on Rabelais), and in the imaginative ruses he dreamed up to survive (selling his typewriter and "borrowing" it back from a long series of unsuspecting or cooperative acquaintances).

He was saved from the inevitable descent by being given a job on the *Tribune*—as its racing columnist. Stearns as "Peter Pickem" has usually seemed a great comedown for the editor of *Civilization in the United States*, but the continuity with what he had long sought was strong, as he later testified when he described the job as "a one-way ticket to the never-never land of male irresponsibility, absurdity, and entertainment of which all men in their hearts forever dream." He had a certain talent as a tout, and supplemented his meager salary not just with winnings but also with money given him for bets never placed (causing him grief when he was found out) and contributions from friends for the upkeep—and eventually the burial—of a horse he never owned.

How he lost his job, fell ill, and returned to the United States we must leave aside. What matters is the very different view of America, and his relationship to it, he developed after his return. In his later years Stearns discovered great virtues in American life, freer and more fertile than Europe in the cultural sphere, more dignified and flexible in personal relations. His search for freedom in Paris had been a "flight from reality," an evasion he now countered by marriage and a healthy country life set into a rigid daily routine.

It was a remarkable reversal, and one that Ford is right to take as representative. But of what, exactly? If we are to be skeptical about Stearns's attempt to turn the Fourth of July into a personal Independence Day in 1921, should we be any less so about his climb onto the patriotic soapbox in the 1930s? What is it about the American experience of expatriation that these four lives tell us? Ford never directly confronts such questions; he is content to follow his subjects' itineraries along lines their own writings suggest. His chapter on Margaret Anderson begins by declaring her a born dilettante who never wished to be anything else, but ends with the claim that she "fashioned a life that possessed the grandeur, wonder, and durability of a work of art." Her discovery of Gurdjieff is supposed to create the link between these distant points. I don't think it did, or could.

VERY DIFFERENT is the approach to expatriate life taken by Shari Benstock in *Women of the Left Bank*. Where Ford hardly burdens his readers with the weight of interpretation or scholarship—no notes, no index, no bibliography—Benstock's much thicker book is aimed at finding clear lessons and meanings, ones she constantly ties to a community of other writers. Her subject is the relationship between expatriation, modernism, and feminism; her argument, that Paris allowed women to live out and express their differences in ways that created alternative forms of life and of literary modernism. Hers is a probing, searching style of thought, and her insistence that feminist criticism and history must not try to tell a single story for everywoman, but must allow distinct voices their own speech, gives her work great promise.

But the meanings Benstock finds in her stories turn out to be narrower than her pluralistic notions suggest. The various lines all tend to converge in a single

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direction: toward the need to establish lesbianism at the center of feminine experience and feminist consciousness. At least 13 of her 22 listed subjects were committed or sometime lesbians, and lesbian experience takes center stage in the drama. There is plenty of reason for this, as a simple listing of names shows: Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, H. D., Natalie Barney, Janet Flanner, Sylvia Beach. Benstock's perspective allows her to suggest challenging new readings—notably of Gertrude Stein's prose, often dismissed for its pretentious quasi-nonsense—as an anticipation of the deconstructionist determination to show how language subverts its own attempt to establish a stable system of meaning and reference. By creating a prose that disrupted expectations about how words go together to make meaning, Stein made her writing a figure of the lesbian overturning of established expectations about all the basic relationships on which patriarchal culture is based.

BUT STEIN was too self-centered and distant from feminist causes to occupy the center of Benstock's book. This place is taken by Natalie Barney, who devoted some of her considerable fortune—she was the daughter of a railroad magnate—to creating a revived Sapphic circle in Paris, an independent community of women in which lesbian love promoted a freedom not obtainable under the dictates of male-dominated society. Here life could become an art, giving aesthetic form to impulses freed from subjection and no longer distorted by the demands of marriage.

Barney's self-consciousness about all this makes her a fascinating figure. All the same I think many readers will find the claims Benstock makes for her outlandish and silly. Identifying heterosexuality with domination of women by men, Benstock associates lesbianism with pure feminine self-determination: lesbian relations take place between same and same, hence they are free of domination by what is outside the self. When Barney seduced the courtesan Liane de Pougy, she introduced her, in Benstock's words, "to her own sexual desire (as distinct from her response to men's desire for her)." This claim rests on a fundamental confusion between the other as a different person and as a different kind of being, equating Barney's desire with her lover's in order to deny that lesbian love can also be a form of domination.

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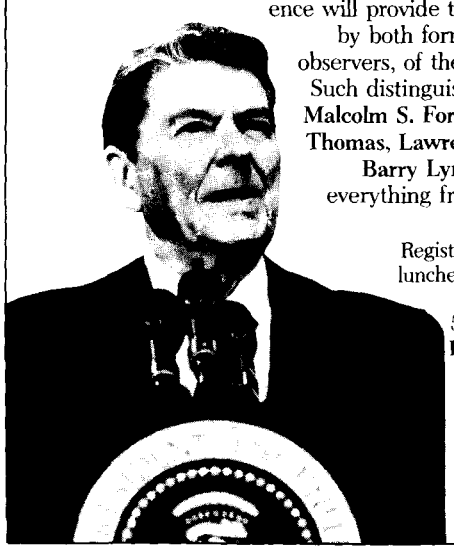

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These claims for Barney's revived Lesbos are cut down by her own life. Her lovers were never able to share the rejection of loyalty and permanence she announced in the name of liberating feeling and pleasure; they found her callous and cold, and felt betrayed by her infidelity. Benstock takes this to mean that Barney "was surrounded by women who turned against themselves by internalizing patriarchal values," as if placing personal pleasure ahead of fidelity, all in the name of liberation, was something that could not be learned from "patriarchal" culture.

Djuna Barnes's deeply ambivalent sexuality also places Benstock in a quandary, caught between the need to locate a positive lesbian significance in Barnes's novel *Nightwood* and the recognition that its tragic vision did not find liberation in any kind of sexual experience. The result is a reading of *Nightwood* like a medieval allegory of a pre-Christian text, inserting the desired significance in the name of a higher truth and bewailing the author's inability to recognize it.

Toward the end of her book, Benstock gives a very sensitive analysis of how private needs and publicly announced purposes could hide behind each other in the successive phases of literary modernism. But she refuses to see that Barney's vision of lesbian community exemplified exactly this confusion. Given Benstock's sympathy for Virginia Woolf's view of fascism as "a more violent and indoctrinated form of the patriarchal dominance already at work in Western society," the details she gives about Barney's anti-Semitic and fascist enthusiasms deserve high marks for honesty. But her conclusion that these "cast doubt on the extent to which she fully understood the feminism she proclaimed" invites the counterdoubt that it may be precisely Benstock's form of feminism that cannot compass the negative dimensions of Barney's lesbianism.

Benstock's book shows us where some of the impulses to discover pure personal freedom that led Americans to Paris in the period between the wars have found a home in our own day. Like other hopes for radical liberation fired up in the 1960s, they have withdrawn from politics and have become lodged in personal relations and in the academy, where they may find themselves as much in need of a good bath of reality as did Harold Stearns.

SAVING SEOUL

Prison Writings
by Kim Dae Jung
translated by Choi Sung-il and David R. McCann

(University of California Press, 333 pp., $18.95)

At a time when all "miracles" are economic, Kim Dae Jung speaks of another kind:

> Early in the morning of August 9 [1973], the morning after I had been taken by force from a Tokyo hotel and driven to a ship docked somewhere on the Inland Sea, some five of my abductors on the ship bound my arms and legs and fastened a 30 or 40 kilogram weight to them. Then they forced a piece of wood into my mouth and held it fast with tape, put a blindfold over my eyes, and strapped me to a long board behind my back, the kind we use in Korea to prepare bodies for burial. They were preparing to throw me into the sea.
>
> At that very moment, Christ appeared by my right side. I grabbed the left sleeve of his robe and pleaded with him. "My Lord, there is much left for me to do for my people. This is not the time for me to be killed, so please save my life."
>
> Then I saw a bright flash, even through the blindfold, and heard a loud booming noise. The abductors ran away, shouting that there was an airplane. The ship suddenly began to go full speed. Later, I knew that it was at that moment that my life had been spared . . . and I have come to believe that Jesus accepted my plea, to make me participate in his work for justice.

Kim tells of this experience with a visionary realism, not in a diary but in a speech. He is a man of intensely private, almost mystical faith, who makes his introspection public—in his case, political. *Prison Writings* reveals this polarity, and a parallel one between a believer's humility and a leader's headiness. Kim believes that Christ is not only the Savior, but a man "executed as a political prisoner." Kim has been himself a political prisoner; since his 1971 presidential campaign he has spent five-and-a-half years in prison, three in exile, and six-and-a-half under surveillance and house arrest. (As part of the package of "concessions" recently announced by the government in response to protests, Kim is now free.) And he has escaped execution four times by his count. During that 1971 campaign, for example, a truck broadsided his motorcade, injuring Kim and leaving three people dead. His life is a kind of interrupted martyrdom. The irony is that Kim is "saved" not to leave the world, but to go back into it.

Early in his political career, however, when he was a national assemblyman in the 1960s, he "thought that the church and politics were unrelated, that the church was only concerned for spiritual matters and helping get Christians to heaven." A Catholic since 1956, Kim came into his Christian politics in the late 1960s and early '70s, by means of mystical experiences—such as the resurrection from certain death at sea—and by the example of Christian human rights leaders, who led the national protest against President Park Chung Hee when he forced a constitutional amendment to give himself a third term in office. In speeches Kim tells that the church dispatched nearly 10,000 students to monitor the polls in the 1971 presidential election, in which he won 46 percent of the vote.

In this season of dissent in South Korea, Kim is not alone in his Christian politics. Korean nuns picket in prayer against riot police outside Seoul's Myongdong Cathedral; a Korean Anglican priest, his head bowed, prays in a pulpit of shields and helmets. These images of Christianity and its discontents may seem puzzling in Korea, unlike in Poland, say, where the dissenting role of the church is familiar. Consider the Korean Catholic dissident Kim Chi-ha, like Kim Dae Jung imprisoned and once sentenced to death, who likens Christian politics to a fan:

> The Gospels and the papal encyclicals, because of their universal scope, can be compared to the base of the fan. . . . Liberation theology and revolutionary theology can be compared to the paper that combines the main truths, which are the base of the fan, and the individual societal conditions, which comprise the framework of the

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fan.... With the combination of these three elements the wind of a Christian revolution begins to blow.

The "fan" represents *minjung* theology (*minjung* means "the people" plus "the masses"), which Kim Dae Jung says has greatly influenced him. Kim Chi-ha's words—spoken under court interrogation by the best-known poet in a country where poetry is read aloud at rallies and is almost automatically politicized by the government-imposed "culture of silence"—are not without a history. Christian politics in Korea is not new, not a recent innovation like Latin American liberation theology.

At present, even with the news of middle-class participation in the protest, the upheaval in South Korea is seen in the American press largely as the work of rioting students or outcast politicians. But in Korea, political protest, since American Protestant missionaries arrived there in 1884, typically means as much the singing of prayers as it does the chanting of political slogans. Fully a quarter of the population of South Korea is Christian. As Kim Dae Jung's letters from prison show, Korean dissent owes more to Christianity and its peculiar history in Korea than to any Western-style radicalism.

PRISON WRITINGS, which is banned in South Korea, might be read as the "Confessions of Kim Dae Jung," in which the bars of a cell replace the screen of a confessional. Kim's letters often express the guilt of a father and a husband for the pain and the sacrifice he has brought upon those around him. His essays—usually on monumental topics: "Let me first survey the history of mankind ..."—come off as wandering and banal, but he has no pretenses to scholarly sophistication. This is the self-scrutiny of a self-educated man, who never finished high school.

He has the drivenness of a self-made man. He fought his way into politics, losing his first three bids for a seat in the National Assembly (opposition candidates in urban areas in the 1950s had little chance against the government's political machine). His reputation for excruciating persistence prompted Kim Jong Pil, founder of the Korean CIA and Kim Dae Jung's main opponent in the 1980 presidential race that was interrupted by the military coup of Chun Doo Hwan, to ask "Is Kim Dae Jung really human?" The frontispiece of *Prison Writings*, for example, is a facsimile of a letter from prison, a single sheet of aerogramme, on which Kim has painstakingly inscribed a record of his inner life. Perfecting a microchip calligraphy, Kim was able to fit 14,000 characters on one postcard-size sheet. His handwriting exploits have spawned legends; it is said that Kim "wrote" to his wife by using a toothpick to make imprints on toilet paper.

Constraints of form and circumstance—his captors provided him with a single sheet of paper a month; the regime confined him to his home, tapped his telephone, censored the media of all references to him—are not necessarily inhibiting. They can be oddly productive: "I think my gains in terms of faith, intellectual growth, and character formation have been greater in the past two years [in prison] than at any time in my life."

BY THE STANDARDS of political imprisonment in the 20th century, Kim's was not particularly grim. These letters portray a man in a cell with heating in the winter, who consumes a vast number of books, including an eclectic selection of Western authors from Nietzsche to John Kenneth Galbraith to Teilhard de Chardin, who is able to return a blanket to his wife because he doesn't like the color. If the prison writings of, say, Adam Michnik are letters to the world, these are letters home. "The letter goes home in my place, passing through the front gate, walking down the steps, entering the living room to sit with the whole family."

The most striking thing about the prison writings of this politician is that they are not about politics. This appears to be less the work of the censor than the result of Kim's own spiritual agenda in prison. Censorship is like a game in which the writer tries to outwit the blackout pen of his adversary with strategies such as allegory, metaphor, and ellipsis. In Kim's letters, however, there is no trace of this contest. There's nothing oblique; the censor could have fallen asleep on the job and nothing "subversive" would have gotten out. Michnik's letters were smuggled out of prison and read throughout Poland, but Kim leads by example rather than by ideas. Kim is said to be a charismatic speaker, though South Koreans have hardly heard him since the 1971 campaign, when one of his speeches in Seoul drew over a half million people. And in his letters what he smuggles out of prison is his voice—the immediacy of speaking, not the detachment of writing. Lately he has improved his technique: knowing he would be stopped by police on his way to a rally in Pusan last year, he sent ahead a cassette tape of his speech. The rally took place, there being no law against tape-recorded speeches.

PRISON WRITINGS can be divided into two parts: before and after Kim's death sentence was commuted. The first part is deeply personal; the second lays out his worldview with a public in mind. The content of his ruminations is disappointing, but their form tells of the special character of his leadership: its spirituality. Kim is no mere politician. In his home province of Cholla, he is known as a kind of savior. The people of Cholla have suffered because of him, because Park Chung Hee persecuted both the man and his home, deliberately impeding the province's economic development; they identify their fate with his. Either a humble pragmatism or a large ego has led Kim to study such figures as Moses, Jesus, and Gandhi. Such a political leader needs a base that reflects his own dualism of participation and renunciation. That is what Christianity provides.

"The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the resurrection of democracy" was the keynote of a 1973 Easter sunrise service in Seoul to protest President Park's repressive *Yushin* system. For Kim, an unquestioned belief in free will is the common denominator of his Christian beliefs and his liberal democratic ones: the first, "freedom of the heavenly kingdom, transcending the earthly freedom," and the second, "historical freedom, à la Exodus." Where orthodoxy might reject the relevance of the latter, and liberation theology the relevance of the former, Kim reconciles them. He insists on what might look like an oil-and-water solution of religion and politics, of different cultures. For him, "the Benevolence in Confucius," "the Kingly Way in Mencius," and "the social justice in contemporary democracy" all partake of the same "sacred spirit."

Kim's apparently anomalous equivalences also entail a reinterpretation of Confucianism. For Kim, it is less a cultural given than an ideology imported from China, from which Koreans can detach themselves. Confucian values are "feudal vestiges" that must be jettisoned

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to achieve democracy and a mature economy. Like democracy, Confucianism is a cultural overlay in Korea. The two compete for the same ground, though Confucian values are rather more entrenched.

History supports Kim's reassessment. As the Korean polity disintegrated at the turn of the century, Confucianism was seen as a failed public philosophy, largely responsible for the humiliation of the country's annexation by Japan. Later, the idea that Confucianism is a synonym for the Korean (and Japanese) psyche that produced the postwar "miracle" became a piece of workplace propaganda promoted by Japanese industrialists. It was then picked up by President Park in South Korea (who likened "state" to "home"), and finally by American sociologists looking for something akin to the Protestant ethic in the West to explain the Asian "hypergrowth economies." It has been all but forgotten that in the 1960s, before the economic takeoff, Koreans told Americans that Confucianism was responsible for the *backwardness* of Korea. The current wave of strikes and riots by workers suggests that the success of "Confucian-based" industry owes more to power relations than to the realization of a harmonious family-like ideal.

KIM'S equivalences suggest how deeply Western values have permeated Korea, and how unrecognizable they can seem when read back from their Korean translation. Kim's "social justice of contemporary democracy" means more than a system of rights, and something rather different. It means an ethics. Democracy as a system of rights, in its classical Western formulation according to which the individual is autonomous, cannot be simply grafted onto Korean culture, in which the individual is caught up in a web of rules of interaction, in roles of reciprocity and hierarchy that are embedded in everything—in the language with its hierarchical forms of address, even in the architecture of the home.

To compare Korean political values and institutions to our own meanings of "democracy" turns up discrepancies—such as the fact that voter turnout in National Assembly elections is very high, even though the Assembly is outrageously rigged against representation (one-third of the legislators are appointed by the government). Clearly the legislature is not representative, but nei-

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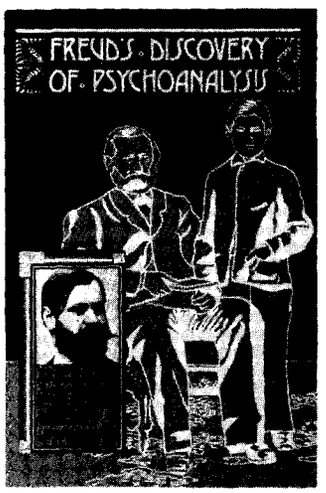

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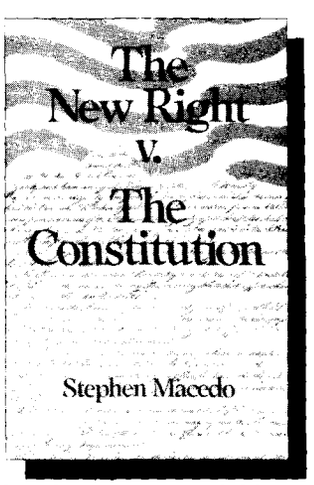

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ther is it a "failure" or a sham. Western democracies are contingent outcomes of particular histories, not examples of an indivisible and repeatable type. The meaning of democracy in Korea is made clearer by *its* particular history, which is the story of the development of a modern tradition of Korean dissent as it has been linked to Christianity. It is not so much democracy as a model political system that is being tested in Korea, but democracy as an ideology of political change.

NUNS, protest carolers, and Anglican priests are not, of course, the only representatives of religion in the streets. Buddhist monks, too, are facing off against riot police. But they have taken sides *despite* their religion, in unprecedented political protest. Buddhism retreated to the mountains when Yi dynasty elites imported Confucianism from China and established it at the center of public life in the 14th century. Today, part of what motivates Buddhist protesters is a rejection of all things Western, including America and Christianity.

The role of Korea's native religion, a form of shamanism, is more complicated. Some have argued that this folk tradition and Christianity were mutually reinforcing; that shamanism, with its belief in one God (*hananim*, *hana* meaning "one") above many and in his divine son sent into the world to give life to the people, paved the way for the Protestant mission; that Catholicism triggered a part-reactionary, part-sympathetic revival of shamanist belief, in the *Tonghak* mass movement of the late 19th century. *Tonghak* means "Eastern learning." *Seuhak*, or "Western learning," was the word for Christianity. Yet the *Tonghak* god was a Christian-like "God with a human character and will," alien to Confucianism. Though he denied the charge, the *Tonghak* leader was executed for what Kim Dae Jung calls "practicing Catholicism in disguise."

Christianity may have failed in much of Asia, particularly in China, but it has done well in Korea. There were 150 Korean Presbyterians in 1890 and 150,000 by 1910. After the *Tonghak* mass movement was crushed in 1894, many of the disillusioned and defeated became Christians. More important than the coincidence of certain Christian and shamanist beliefs, the mission in Korea had the advantage of not being associated with Western imperialism, as it was in China. In Korea, Japanese imperialists were the enemy, and the American Protestant mission a friend in time of need. And Christ's example has been especially powerful in Korea, *minjung* theologians have noted, because the idea that innocent suffering is meaningful has no precedent there.

BUT IT WAS the peculiar history of the Bible in Korea, as much as anything inherent in Christianity, that first gave the people a voice of dissent. Its translation was an event of decisive importance. The New Testament in 1887, and the entire Bible in the 1890s, was first translated into *hangul*, the Korean vernacular, not into the Chinese-derived official language of the rulers and the upper or *yangban* class. The literati were alienated. It was as if King James's scholars had put the Vulgate into cockney. The mission's goal was to propagate the message; the effect was to resurrect the medium. For the biblical revival of *hangul*, the half-forgotten "cheap script," made common culture literate. The first *hangul* newspaper, the *Independent*, was established in 1896 by Western-educated Korean Christians, including one Yi Sung-man (Syngman Rhee), as the first—and in hindsight, a rare—forum for criticizing the government. Read widely even by government officials, its circulation increased tenfold during its first year. *Hangul* became the language of a new nationalism over which the ruling elite had no control. One might say that the modern mass movement in Korea originated in a language.

Buried in the middle of a sober op-ed by Kim Dae Jung recently in the *New York Times* are the words, "The enormous democratic capacity of our people will lead us to the promised land." The story of Israel's Exodus from Egypt, as Michael Walzer recently explained, has given "the West a characteristic way of thinking about political change, a pattern that we commonly impose upon events." Walzer went on to observe that "this isn't a story told everywhere; it isn't a universal pattern; it belongs to the West, more particularly to Jews and Christians in the West." But the Exodus story seems to speak to Koreans as well.

Kim invokes the Book of Exodus in the same way that Korean Christians have done ever since its translation and publication. A turn-of-the-century book of Sunday school lessons published in Seoul reads:

> Egypt is the shadow of the power of sin just as Japan represented a symbol of evil in [the Korean people's] *situation*. . . . Just as the people of Israel prospered due to God's help, Korean people can prosper even under the Japanese rule, if God helps.

No surprise that the Japanese colonial government later banned the Book of Exodus—along with the Korean language itself.

WHEN Kim Dae Jung invokes the "democratic capacity" of Koreans, he has in mind a descent of dissent. It begins with the *Tonghak*. Then comes the March First Independence Movement of 1919. Inspired by Woodrow Wilson's doctrine of self-determination, 33 prominent Korean leaders, including 15 Protestant Christians, drew up and signed a declaration of independence from Japan (to the total bafflement of the Japanese), an act of treason punishable by death. Koreans by the hundreds of thousands marched in peaceful demonstrations that were brutally suppressed by the Japanese. That half of the prominent signers of the the March First declaration counted themselves Christians, and that Christians made up a disproportionate one-fifth of the 19,525 people arrested, shows how Protestant Christianity was politicized early on.

It was Koreans, however, not the missionaries, who gave Christianity its political cast. The early converted took the strict reading of scripture beyond the intentions of the fundamentalist missionaries, understanding "the story of Moses not only as a *literal* event in the history of *Israel* but also as a *literal* event in the history of the oppressed people of *Korea*," as one Korean writer, Suh Kwang-sun David, says in *Minjung Theology* (1983). By 1907 the missionaries were organizing mass revival meetings to counter this politicization of religion, to refocus the faith of the converted on other-worldly hopes. But this had the consequence only of making the church institutionally apolitical. Today few ministers are politically active; churches are big business in downtown Seoul and, in the view of those facing the real dangers of speaking out for political and social change, a form of middle-class "pseudo-comfortism."

Christianity as an institution has played inverse roles in Korea and Poland. Though the Catholic Church in Poland is hierarchical and bound by its own conservatism, it is the lone autonomous institution challenging the other-

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wise all-encompassing state. In South Korea, where there is neither a state monopoly on public life nor the ideological clash of Church and Communist government, the Church itself does not play such an opposition role. Christian activism is, rather, largely the effort of individuals working through church-related organizations.

NOTHING in the modern bestiary of Christian politics quite matches the Korean example. The difference from liberation theology is instructive. Korean Christian politics comes out of a relatively young, primarily Protestant tradition, liberation theology out of thoroughly Catholic Latin America. More important, there is a difference of politics. The politics in Kim Dae Jung's Christianity are not revolutionary in the left-wing sense; he believes that Christianity has also "helped the Korean people transcend the collective emphasis of communism," as it has threatened them in both war and peace. There is no mistaking *minjung* theology for a masked Marxism, in a country whose history has given it a thoroughly anti-communist bent.

Unlike the Marxian idea of class, *minjung* is not simply defined by economics. Intellectuals, journalists, students, and political leaders like Kim Dae Jung—decidedly upper-middle-class types—in short, anyone under oppression, is part of *minjung*. *Minjung* is defined by the relation not to the means of production, but to the means of persecution. *Minjung* may sound like a dangerous romanticizing of the folk, or the root of an extreme nationalism. It is neither. It has proven, instead, to be a far more useful category than "class" for understanding what draws together the usually disparate parts of an opposition movement.

What is to be made, then, of the Marxism of the student protesters? For a start, it is limited to a fringe of the student population (less than one percent of the one million university students). And it first appeared in 1980, after the Kwangju massacre. Kwangju was the first—and as yet the only—time since the founding of the Republic of Korea that the military was turned against civilians. This is a fact missed by many American observers, who blend Kwangju neatly into the postwar history of protest and repression. A recent opinion poll found that a majority of students answered "Kwangju," rather than the war of 1950-53 or the division of the country, when asked to name the most tragic event for Korea since 1945.

The new radicalism of some students is less a real ideological undercurrent than a reaction to Kwangju and to Chun's perceived illegitimacy. After all, criticism of the lopsided concentration of wealth and economic power through government favoritism of a handful of massive conglomerates (*chaebol*), calls for sincere steps toward reunification of a divided people, and anxiety about the American role in Korea are concerns of Koreans across the political spectrum. They hardly add up to a communist vision for South Korea.

But Anti-Americanism, previously unheard of in Korea, is not just a reflex of student radicalism, or a reflection of the gap between the generation that remembers the Korean War as a joint effort against Communist aggression and the generation that sees it as a battle of imperial powers over a victimized Korea. The sentiment also represents a disillusionment with what one Korean poet calls America's "murderous humanism." Korean antipathy toward America's support of successive dictatorial regimes is easily understood. Moreover, it is far from clear to Koreans, even to the majority of Koreans who do not want a revolution, that political change will occur on the orderly, unconvulsive, incremental American model.

WHILE THE Korean innovation in transformative politics has not yet been christened with a catchphrase, it joins two other such experiments in recent years: "people power" in the Philippines and the "self-limiting revolution" in Poland. All three cast Christianity in a central role, and all three take the form of a revolution that does not mean the overthrow of the government by brute force. In Poland, Christianity breaks the monopoly of the state on public life; in South Korea, the deadlock of opposing claims to political legitimacy. The expression of Christian principles by dissenters, like Kim in his *Prison Writings*, differentiates their voice from the government's.

There is another similarity. About the struggle in Poland, it has been remarked that the historical role of violence as "the final arbiter" when all else fails has been reversed, such that "beyond the traditional means of last resort new, peaceful ones [have] been discovered." Nobody would describe the clashes between protesters and riot police in South Korea as peaceful. They have been described, however, as almost medieval, because the adversaries appear to follow implicit rules of battle. The riot police in Korea wield shields and tear gas, not guns. They have that threatening "Darth Vaderlike" look precisely because they are unarmed. Only one student, one riot policeman, and one worker died in the last several months of street fighting. The deaths were neither intended nor expected. The death of the student hit on the head by a tear gas canister was enough to launch the largest demonstration in Korean history.

Kim offers a restive Korea explicitly political, as well as spiritual, guidance. In *Mass-Participatory Economy: A Democratic*

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Alternative for Korea, a book written with a ghost writer during the 1971 presidential campaign and published in English in 1985 during Kim's exiled stay at Harvard University, Kim lays out a comprehensive critique of the "dark side of the Korean economy." South Korea's debt is the fourth largest in the world; the average work week is longer, and the rate of industrial workplace accidents higher, than in any other country; wages are the lowest of the world's 20 foremost industrial countries. Kim makes concrete policy proposals for a "mass-participatory economy" that should not be confused with socialism, which he emphatically rejects as "not conducive to individual creativity and responsibility." But neither does Kim's plan "imply an uncritical endorsement of capitalistic development to the neglect of individual rights and social justice."

The succinct 80 pages of *Mass-Participatory Economy*, backed by statistics and documentation, illustrate the pragmatic side of the Kim Dae Jung of *Prison Writings*, the Kim who might become the next president of the Republic of Korea in elections scheduled for this December. Kim's socioeconomic study is a rarity in Korean politics. No other Korean politician—neither President Chun, ruling party presidential nominee Roh Tae Woo, nor Kim's opposition party colleague Kim Young-sam—has gone on record with concrete proposals for the future of a country that is being transformed utterly.

Koreans are enacting that transformation as a relatively bloodless revolution right between two of the largest armies on earth, and in the shadow of nuclear weapons. It is quite a hope: the Book of Exodus without a wrathful God.

ANDREW MENDELSOHN

ERRORS IN ORBIT

Space and National Security by Paul B. Stares

(Brookings, 219 pp., $28.95, $10.95 paper)

For every woe it may have inflicted on humanity, technology has surely brought many times more good. NASA's recent failures notwithstanding, this is even true of space, technology's current frontier. Our uses of space for the common good are deepening and widening. We have already grown used to instantaneous worldwide communications. The global village is a fact. (In 1985, a few days after the "Live-Aid" concert, in a tiny Italian village accessible only by small boat and footpath, I heard a fisherman absent-mindedly whistling "We Are the World.") And in addition to promoting a common planetary culture, the revolution in communications has had an extraordinary (and in this case, not always a good) impact on the discourse among nations; televised interviews with hijacked Americans, still under armed guard, lunching in Beirut seaside restaurants, influenced American policy in ways that would have chilled the souls of past masters of quiet diplomacy and realpolitik.

The United States and the Soviet Union have been discussing, and may yet conclude during the reign of Ronald Reagan, a far-reaching and detailed arms control agreement on intermediate-range nuclear-armed missiles. This deal is on the table only because of the exquisite capabilities of spy satellites ("national technical means," in polite company), perfected over the last 30 years. Public access to satellite images is a more recent development, one that is likely to grow quickly despite the administration's best efforts to stop it. In July, for example, *Aviation Week* published photos taken by the French "Spot" satellite of a Soviet nuclear submarine base. Spot will soon have several competitors, including, allegedly, a Russian one. Run, Spot, run.

Moreover, if there is anything to Gorbachev's *glasnost*, its beneficiaries can partly thank space technology. Soviet secrecy cannot keep the West from knowing, at least in rough terms, what's going on in the Soviet Union any more than it can keep the Russian people from hearing about developments abroad. (Spot took pictures of Chernobyl too, and Western radio and television instantly spread the news, even to that part of the global village behind the tattered Iron Curtain.) Even Soviet planners know that without much freer exchanges of information, and far greater access to computers and other handy gadgets that can communicate across national boundaries, the Soviet economy will only lag even further behind those in the rest of the world.

As one might guess, alongside this deepening civilian utilization of space—foreshadowing it, really—is a swiftly growing dependence on space by the military. Those same satellites that make possible arms control were designed to provide information about military activity. Warning, weather, and navigation satellites have long had military roles. And space-based military communications can sharply tighten the military chain of command, making possible, for example, the conversation-you-wish-you-had-heard in 1976 with President Gerald Ford and Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld in Washington talking on the phone to a beleaguered Navy lieutenant on the bridge of a landing craft in Beirut harbor. The poor skipper thought he was carrying out a routine, and rather small, evacuation; in fact, thanks to the wizardry of space technology, he was demonstrating the Ford administration's new "hands-on" style of crisis management in the wake of the *Mayaguez* disaster.

As Paul Stares observes in his new book, these current pedestrian applications of space for the military may soon be accompanied by the use of satellites for "real-time" tracking and targeting of opposing ground formations, for detecting and attacking submarines (to say nothing of surface warships), for the deployment of sensors and weapons against opposing missiles, aircraft, and other satellites. Other satellites? Indeed; for just as they are becoming dependent on satellites for center-court military tasks, the United States and the Soviet Union are also developing a variety of means of incapacitating each other's space systems.

This apparent incoherence may weigh more heavily on the United States, as Stares points out, since we are likely to become more dependent on a smaller number of spaceships ("assets," in polite company). Yet in the convoluted logic so representative of this administration's national security dogma ("planning"), it is the American side that has been resist-

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ing efforts to restart negotiations on limiting anti-satellite (ASAT) weapons. Stares gives the details of repeated Soviet efforts since 1981 to ban weapons in space. Some of those efforts were propaganda, of course; but others offered at least the potential for responsible negotiations. The White House rebuffed all of them.

SPACE AND NATIONAL SECURITY is a very good book. Calm, dispassionate, and comprehensive in the best Brookings way, Stares analyzes the complicated issues surrounding Soviet and American efforts both to develop and to control anti-satellite weapons. After describing the two nations' space programs and their military utility, he reviews the means that conceivably could be used to destroy or incapacitate satellites. Then he recounts the history of efforts to control anti-satellite weapons, including the surprising number of limitations on activities in space already inscribed in a number of agreements, such as the prohibition in the Outer Space Treaty of 1967 on the deployment of nuclear weapons, and other weapons of mass destruction, in space. And he assesses rather gloomily (and, I think, correctly) the prospects for new agreements. He concludes with a comprehensive program the United States might consider to protect its vital uses of space: a combination of unilateral measures to improve the ability of satellite-based systems to survive in wartime and agreements that might help to protect both nations' spaceships in peace and war.

Though rather conventional in approach, Stares's book is well worth reading for a number of reasons. His history and description of the current situation, both of weapons and of negotiating initiatives, is concise, pertinent, and well written—a sort of "Satellites and Anti-satellites 101." Stares's analysis of the threats posed to satellites is particularly good. He helps us to understand the dimensions of these problems, to the limited extent that they might exist, with some interesting (and easily understood) calculations, and an innovative and imaginative chapter analyzing how, if at all, anti-satellite weapons might be used in different types of wars.

Stares's conclusions are straightforward. In view of the operational Soviet anti-satellite system, should the United States develop its own ASAT, either to deter Soviet attacks or for its own offensive purposes in the event of war? Not really, Stares argues, since the Soviet ASAT has not been fired for five years. Moreover, it suffers severe operational constraints that would greatly limit its effectiveness in wartime. This means that American satellites can be protected relatively easily, that it's not necessary to depend on a Soviet fear of retaliation to persuade them not to initiate anti-satellite warfare. And the Soviets have stated repeatedly that they would be willing to dismantle their existing ASAT if an agreement could be concluded prohibiting such systems.

As for possible uses of an American ASAT in wartime, Stares makes a convincing case that unless the Soviet Union develops satellites capable of tracking mobile American missiles on land and in submarines, we have more to lose from an exchange of anti-satellite weapons than they do. The United States is clearly better off seeking to protect its satellites and neutralizing the effectiveness of its enemy's, through a variety of passive means, rather than engaging in anti-satellite warfare.

But are negotiated constraints on ASATs feasible? Stares answers yes. Even in view of both nations' continuing research on space-based strategic defenses, the difficulty of verifying any agreements, and the ability of virtually any long-range missile or even powerful civilian rocket to attack satellites in some orbits ("residual threats," in polite company)? Absolutely, Stares maintains. He demonstrates that an agreement to limit testing and deployment could be verified with relative confidence, and that the "residual threat" would not be significant militarily. As for SDI, certain types of tests also would have to be prohibited to have meaningful ASAT limitations—a fact that probably explains the administration's adamancy on the ASAT issue. Still, as Stares points out, an ASAT ban might have the ironic consequence of removing one obstacle to effective strategic defenses: "A prohibition on ASAT tests and deployments in high earth orbits, for instance, would go a long way toward helping to protect vital early warning and battle management sensors."

What, then, should the United States do? Stares presents a coherent policy, rich in practical suggestions. On the negotiating side, he proposes that, first, we join the Soviet Union in its continuing moratorium on all ASAT tests (Congress has already prevented most tests for the past two years and seems likely to extend its ban) and then negotiate a variety of measures to protect space activities. These latter would include a ban on the stationing of weapons of any kind in space, an "Incidents in Space" agreement to establish rules of the road for space operations, and the clarification of guidelines for anti-missile research and development.

LUMINISM

And though it was brief, and slight, and nothing
To have been held onto so long, I remember it,
As if it had come from within, one of the scenes
The mind sets for itself, night after night, only
To part from, quickly and without warning. The sunlight
Flooded the valley floor and blazed on the town's
Westward facing windows. The streets, in a semblance of rivers,
Shimmered, and trees, bushes, and clouds were caught in the spill,
And nothing was spared, not the couch we sat on,
Nor the rugs, nor our friends, staring off into space.
Everything was drowned in the golden fire. Then Philip
Put down his glass and said: "This hand is just one
In an infinite series of hands. Imagine."
And that was it. The evening dimmed and darkened
Until the western rim of the sky took on
The purple look of a bruise, and everyone stood
And said what a great sunset it had been. This was a while ago,
And it was remarkable, but something else happened then—
A cry, almost beyond our hearing, rose and rose,
As if across time, to touch us as nothing else would,
And so lightly we might live out our lives and not know.
I had no idea what it meant until now.

MARK STRAND

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At the same time, Stares rightly maintains, the United States should take unilateral actions to increase the ability of its satellites to survive hostile actions, including measures to reduce the vulnerability of satellites, of their communications links, and of their ground stations; improvements in our space surveillance system; and the creation of redundancies in key space systems.

THE PROBLEM with Stares's book pertains more to its currency than to its contents. To be taken seriously in the defense community—indeed, to be taken seriously in any policy-making community in this country—requires a marked conformity to certain lines of debate. It also requires a remarkable degree of restraint, almost a kind of self-censorship, particularly if you intend to criticize government policy. Even when confronting a set of policies as schizoid as those guiding the administration's notions of space-use and weapons-in-space—its increasing reliance on space, on the one hand, particularly for the most favored and blessed SDI-child, and its abject refusal even to consider limits on the weapons that can only make space-based military systems obsolete, on the other—one is not permitted simply to heap scorn on what even a perfect pinhead can see is self-defeating. No, one must instead cede the terms of the debate, however strained or silly, carefully describing the administration's shopworn canards, meticulously analyzing pure nonsense. This has the consequence of conferring a certain legitimacy on what is obviously illegitimate.

Stares's book falls into this trap. Yet I don't know how, in Washington, he could have avoided it. A different kind of book would not be read—not in the nation's capital. It is a measure of Stares's achievement that even while accepting the specious boundaries of what passes for policy discourse, he does a thoroughly competent (and polite) job of demonstrating the utter vacuousness of the administration's military policy in space.

For the very notion of space as the battlefield of the future perverts and trivializes the awesome subject. Space represents nothing less than humanity's destiny, its future. It is where our spirits will be refreshed and our character rediscovered. *That* is what space is about: not pop-up lasers, rail guns, and space-mines.

That the government of the United States has permitted our scientific programs for the exploration of space to fall into their current low estate is one of the great scandals of our age. That the Soviet Union, upon whose economy and technology we heap scorn, should have led the scientific probes of Halley's Comet this past year, that it should maintain—for all practical purposes—the only permanent manned presence in space, that it should be able to detail future plans for exploring neighboring planets that cause our scientists to drool, should shame all Americans, especially the noisy patriots of the Reagan administration and the conservative right. The United States has effectively ceded at least the appearance of wishing to preserve space for peaceful purposes to the Soviet Union. The Russians are exploring military applications of space every bit as much as we are; but they have had the wit not to trumpet it around, nor to wrap their efforts in a single grandiose program, nor to make it the centerpiece of their foreign policy while rejecting even the notion of negotiations to limit weapons in space.

Of course we must recognize the prosaic realities of space as an arena for military operations and take steps to avail ourselves of such opportunities when appropriate. But there is so much more to do in space, of such greater good, of so much more profound meaning. We should seek every possible means, no matter how remote, to conclude agreements to prevent the deployment of weapons in space. And it is not only altruism that should lead to this conclusion, not only visions of cosmic greatness. We should seek to preserve space for peaceful purposes for another reason also: the only real catalyst for international cooperation, our own deepest self-interest.

BARRY M. BLECHMAN

Barry M. Blechman is the author, most recently, with Victor Utgoff, of *Fiscal and Economic Implications of Strategic Defenses* (Westview).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

major Northeast and Midwest states except Ohio and Missouri. He lost California by only 3,420 votes. If California's 13 electoral votes had been his instead of Wilson's, he would have been president.

HAL RIEDL
Baltimore, Maryland

TRB, *from page 4*

rights training." No amount of human rights training is going to prevent civilian casualties in a guerrilla war. More fundamentally, an effective *contra* war would mean more, not fewer, attacks on cooperative farms, fuel depots, electricity grids. That's the whole idea of guerrilla war: incapacitating the country. Whatever the ultimate outcome, this would mean years of deepened misery, poverty, disease, and starvation for Nicaraguans. It also would mean years of instability for the Central American region. Maybe *contra* supporters think the cost is worth paying. But they should be honest about the cost, especially since they won't be paying it.

To Senator John McCain it's all a game, or perhaps a movie. "Colonel Bermudez [the *contra* commander] sends his very best regards," he smirked to Daniel Ortega on a congressional visit to Managua. "Colonel Bermudez and Ronald Reagan should stop killing Nicaraguan children," Ortega replied, with some justice under the circumstances. What a war! The *contras* brag that they finally killed a Nicaraguan army major August 28, after settling for peasant foot soldiers all year. Meanwhile in Managua there's congressional delegation gridlock and the comandante in chief is having them all over for tea. "We receive you whenever you want," Ortega complained to Senator Bob Dole. "You don't even consult us in advance, which is a lack of respect. You just say there's a flight and we're coming."

"The civil war began in Nicaragua when the Sandinistas promised you democracy but failed to meet their commitment," said President Reagan in a talk on *contra* radio August 24. Of course the civil war actually began years earlier when the Sandinistas were in the hills and "the hated dictator Anastasio Somoza" (Reagan again) was in the warm embrace of the United States. You can't blame the Sandinistas for deep cynicism about America's sudden—and selective—passion for democracy south of the border.

Yes, yes, you can blame them for plenty else. Maybe the Sandinista revolution would mellow if every modification didn't have to be seen as a concession to Yanqui imperialism. Maybe not. It takes a pretty hardened crew to oust an entrenched, superpower-supported dictatorship in a lengthy guerrilla campaign. That, as it happens, is another reason a less-than-ideal peace settlement is more ideal than continuing—and, inevitably, expanding—the *contra* war.

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NEW YORK DIARIST

Not Tonight, Dear

IN HER WIDELY publicized article on Gary Hart in the September issue of *Vanity Fair*, Gail Sheehy spends 12,000 words trying to explain why a 50-year-old man would want to have sex with a succession of gorgeous models. She seems to think this is a great mystery. Maybe it was his mother. He "grew up in a severely restricted manner." Part of him "could not believe he deserved to be successful, because he was a sinner and a backslider." It seems Hart could "be very intense . . . but once the passion was consumed, the fantasy fulfilled, and the specter of the start of a relationship reared its head," he would "shrink back" and the "inner steel door between his two selves would slam shut." He'd promise to "get together very soon." And then he didn't call! (They never do.) This, Sheehy speculates, was because he had a "compulsion rooted not in seeking illicit sex but in proving he was so utterly worthy that he could break all the rules." Yet "he could never believe he was worthy enough."

PSST, GAIL. I have an alternative hypothesis: men don't have sex with women like Donna Rice to prove they are worthy, or unworthy, or because they're scared of their mommas, or whatever. Men have sex with women like Donna Rice because men *like* to have sex with women like Donna Rice. Next Sheehy will offer us a pop-psychological explanation of why salmon swim upstream. I'm not saying Hart isn't odd. But what's odd about him is not his philandering. It's more his tendency to lie repeatedly about it, and other things, often with a testy, put-upon arrogance. Sheehy's women's-mag perspective (What's wrong with these men? Why can't they have "a warm, close, friendly relationship with a woman?") means she overexplains what hardly needs explaining, and doesn't quite get to the bottom of Hart's real weirdness. For example, she alarmingly describes Hart's '84 campaign as "free of structure," filled with "chaos" and "bickering." Has Sheehy ever been in a presidential campaign? As proof of Hart's Gatsby theory of "self-reinvention," she cites a speech he gave to high school seniors telling them, "You can be anything you want to be." Pretty scary.

ONE IMPLICATION of the Gary Hart affair nobody seems to have picked up on is the AIDS angle. I mean, what kind of role model was this guy for an era of strict sexual hygiene? Caution extremists (and I am one) advise that even one AIDS test before sex is not enough, because it can take six months for an infection to show up. I know I for one have revamped my seduction technique in light of the latest medical evidence. Now, after I meet a girl, I suggest we take a blood test together. If we're both negative, then I invite her over for a casual home-cooked meal. I whip up some pasta. We drink some wine. Move over to the sofa. Turn down the lights. Put some soft music on the stereo. Then we wait six months. Almost forgot!

NOT TO WORRY, says leading sex therapist Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, in her new book, *The Real Truth About Women and AIDS*. There are a variety of sexual techniques that can be practiced during the six-month "window of infection," before a second AIDS test gives you the go-ahead to actually, um, exchange bodily fluids. According to my magazine, *Newsweek*, these techniques include "mutual masturbation, sensuous massage, vibrators, erotic films and fantasies, and rubbing rhythmically against each other's bodies—while fully clothed." Kaplan says these things can be just as pleasurable as actual sex. Maybe she is right that this is what 100 percent safe sex has come to. But pleasure? These sordid half measures? Not tonight, dear. I have a headache.

I RECENTLY MOVED to New York. Don't ask me why. I hate New York. Or at least I thought I did. But this time around, the place doesn't seem so bad. Maybe it's because I have a good job and make enough money to avoid the subway. I have a roomy apartment in an uncrowded neighborhood. There are playhouses on the corner and bookstores and cafés nearby. Even the subway cars are cleaner, they tell me.

IT ALL COMES together one morning as I'm walking to work. The sun is shining. The air is clear. Shuffling along in front of me is a short, dignified gentleman, nattily dressed in a dark suit. You see these guys all over New York, going to and from their errands, shmoozing on the corners, sitting in the parks. New York is good to the elderly, an economist once explained to me. They have rent-controlled apartments, discount bus tokens. They are near their friends. But they are good for the city too, I think. They give it a sense of community, a civilized, almost European atmosphere. As we cross a busy intersection together, I have the urge to strike up a conversation with my fellow pedestrian. Talk about the nice weather, that sort of thing. As I'm about to speak, a car driven by an attractive young woman pulls sharply around a corner a few yards in front of us. It isn't a threat to our safety, but it seems to perk the old man right up. He raises his head, looks at the driver, and addresses her in a loud, gruff voice: "Where's the fire, c**t?"

WITHIN A WEEK I'm screaming at motorists myself, and brushing glumly past the beggars crowding around the Citibank cash machines at 9th and 42nd. They come right up behind you now, just at the moment of maximum guilt and paranoia when you're taking your money out of the slot. "I don't mean to bother you," one bum says, tapping me on the back. "I'm sorry, but no," I say, annoyed at the invasion of privacy. He stays right behind me. "What's the matter, haven't you ever heard of Bernhard Goetz?" I feel like shouting. Instead I just tell him, "Please go away" in a loud voice. By the time I feel guilty, I'm halfway down the block.

I GET HOME. There are two drunken, world-class cockroaches doing a do-si-do on my countertop. Should I call the Guinness book of records? An exterminator? Desperate, I call the doorman instead. "Hello. This is Mickey in 6R. There are *huge cockroaches* in my kitchen!" I shout into the phone.

"Dose ahn't cockroaches. Dey're whattabugs."

"Waterbugs? What's the difference?"

"Dah whattabugs ah bigga."

Hey. It's still a hell of a town.

MICKEY KAUS

Mickey Kaus, TNR's former West Coast correspondent, is a senior writer for *Newsweek*.

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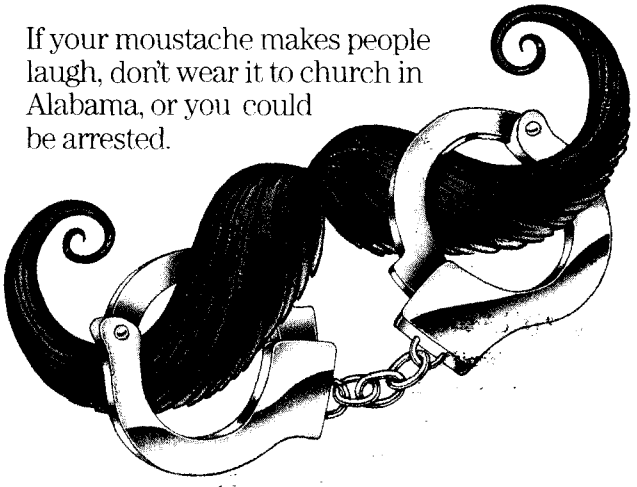
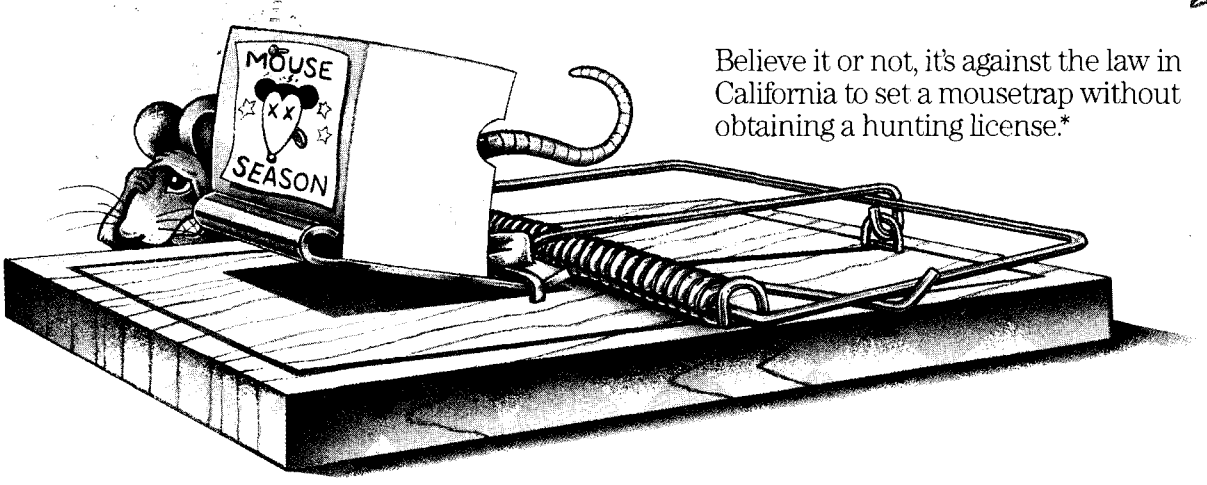
Ludicrous Laws.

If your moustache makes people laugh, don't wear it to church in Alabama, or you could be arrested.



If you've got a pet bear, don't take him for a walk on a highway in Connecticut. You could be fined $50.00.



Believe it or not, it's against the law in California to set a mousetrap without obtaining a hunting license.*

The Outdated Laws That Regulate Banking Aren't So Funny.

It wasn't very long ago that America was the undisputed world leader in almost everything. Then, we started losing our clout. Textiles, cars, steel, and electronics began moving abroad, costing American jobs.

Hardly anybody has noticed that the same thing is happening with banking.

If you look at the names of today's top 25 world banks, only one still has a U.S. address. The Japanese now dominate that list.

For years, the world's leading financial centers were located in America. Because of archaic federal banking laws--some predating World War II--Tokyo, London and other overseas centers are now taking over. Already, foreign banks are making one-fifth of the loans to U.S. businesses.

The point is, America's banks are not asking to be protected from foreign competition. They are not asking Congress to save them from the fight. They are asking for a fighting chance. Unless America's banks are permitted to fully compete and meet their customers' needs, a lot more American jobs will be squarely on the line.

*Some of these inane laws may have been changed.

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

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